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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1921.

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THE MOST-TALKED-OF PICTURE AT THE ACADEMY, AND BOUGHT UNDER THE CHANTREY BEQUEST:
"LE CHEF DE L'HOTEL CHATHAM, PARIS," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.-ELECT.

Fame has come to the grill-room chef of the Hotel Chatham in Paris, M. Eugène Grossiether, familiarly known as "Chester" (a nickname due to his dislike of cheese), from the fact that Sir William Orpen's portrait of him is the picture of the year at the Royal Academy. "Chester's" chops and steaks are known to all frequenters of central Paris, and Sir William Orpen, a constant visitor, was led thereby to notice the artistically striking face and

figure of the "high priest" of the grill. This led to sittings at the Hotel Majestic, Sir William's headquarters, and the resulting portrait. The double-buttoned white jacket and rakishly poised cap, as well as the bottle of stout which helps "Chester" to keep cool amid his fiery duties, are all in the picture. It was announced on May 3 that this work, and Mr. Bertram Nicholls' "Drying the Sails," had been purchased under the Chantrey Bequest.



THE Centenary and the Sexcentenary commemorated during the current week bring into conjunction two stars of equal magnitude but diverse aspect. For the first time, perhaps, the names of Napoleon and Dante have been closely linked together, and although the connection is due merely to an accident of time, it carries with it a curious significance for an age disturbed like the present with the consequences of war, and occupied with problems of Imperialism and with dreams of Universal Peace. There the poet of the "Divine Comedy," inventor of the "sweet new style" that won all Christendom, and the disturber of Europe, whose vehicle of expression was the roar of artillery, find points of contact and of contrast.

The Man of War and the Man of Peace are strange companions to pass together across the stage of fleeting publicity. Yet even where they seem most remote they touch, for the poet was also a soldier and diplomatist. He fought at Campaldino in 1289, when he was twenty-four, saw in all likelihood the surrender of Caprona, and from a passage in the "Inferno" we may suppose that the officer's whistle was as familiar to Dante on the fields of the late thirteenth century as it has become to recent soldier-poets. Dante's life was one of political struggle; his death was hastened by chagrin at the partial failure of his conciliatory mission to Venice, then threatening reprisals on Ravenna. His aim, through all the storms that beat about him, was to seek peace and ensue it.

The Imperialism of Dante and the Imperialism of Napoleon offer a basis for nice speculation. Had Napoleon succeeded in his dream of universal conquest, he would have claimed that his ultimate aim was universal peace. The same plea has been advanced by the latest adventurer for world-power, but both he and Napoleon stand charged with personal ambition as their prime motive. Dante's Imperialism excluded grasping tyranny. It was based upon recognition of the interdependence of individuals. But humanity cannot attain this end without universal peace. In the *De Monarchia*, he outlines a world empire to effect what the present age seeks through a League of Nations.



WRITTEN ON THE BLACK PRINCE MS. BY A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY LONDONER: "MA JOYE A SHIRLEY."

The above words are written on the front leaf of the manuscript, probably by the hand of Shirley himself, a Londoner who was a patron of literature in the Black Prince's time. There is a similar inscription on a Shirley manuscript in the British Museum.

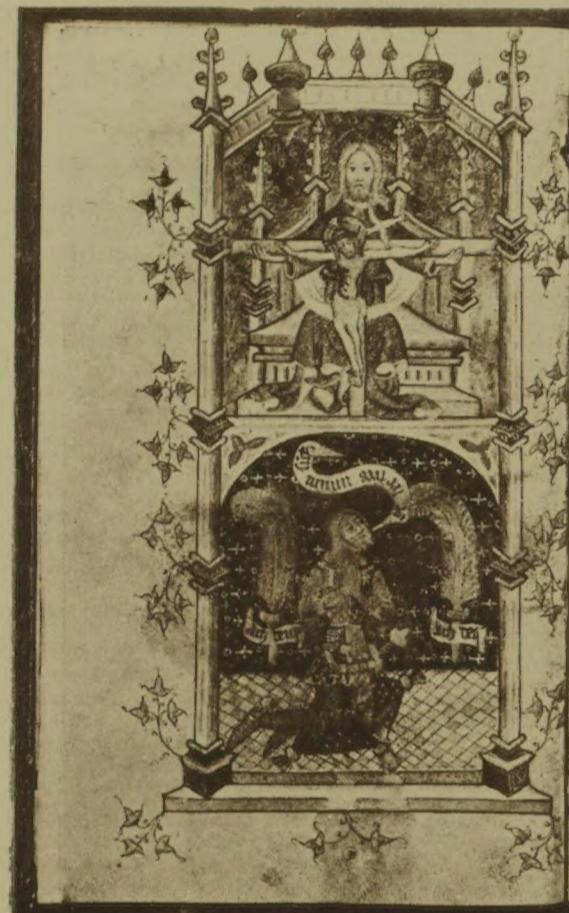
The world, Dante held, could not secure general peace unless it were governed entirely by one paramount ruler. He argued from the analogy of any group of individuals, whose combined action can be effective only if it be controlled by a supreme authority. Much more, then, must the whole human race be guided by one Head. Mediaeval piety, of which Dante is the last and most consummate exponent, now intervenes with a characteristic stroke. For this universal empire, Divine sanction had to be found. The task was not difficult to a mind trained as Alighieri's had been in the methods of the Schoolmen. Here is the proof in skeleton. "It is God's intention that all things should resemble Himself as far as their nature will admit—humanity is most like God when it is most one—it is most one when it is united in one, which postulates the governance of one prince. Therefore, the human race when

subject to one prince is most likened to God, and consequently most conformable to the Divine intention." This World-Monarch is to arbitrate between all lesser princes, who are not excluded from the scheme, and such an arbitrator is necessary on practical no less than on ethical grounds. Obviously the scheme endangers an ideal equality of States, if one temporal ruler is supreme over all; but Mr. Wicksteed gets over this difficulty when he points out that "Dante's Imperialism does not mean the supremacy of one nation over others, but the existence of a supreme

without war or violence, of which Dante's world and Dante himself were already very weary. He sought not to bring a sword but peace, with his conception of an Imperial Christendom as the arbitrator of human destinies. It is written otherwise, "not peace, but a sword," at least until the great millennial reversal, which seems still far distant and which no definite expedient of man can hasten. Yet such dreams and efforts as Dante's are contributory to the main event, however little it can be hurried. In its ethical bearing his Imperialism is the negation of

Napoleon's. In what circle, curiosity may ask, would the Poet have set the Man of Destiny, and what would he have devised as the form of his expiation? To suffer everlasting defeat even with big battalions at his command, to know an eternal Moscow of ice and fire? More likely something far less obvious and deeper-thrusting. Or would he have seen in the cage of St. Helena sufficient penalty; Inferno and Purgatorio realised and passed in those six years? That would be to strain too much the Dante Theology. There is no gate from the first region to the second, as there is from the second to the third of the "Divine Comedy." Even the Concordat would hardly have sufficed to win clemency for the instrument that ended, more or less directly, the Holy Roman Empire.

The influence of Imperial Rome upon Dante and Napoleon is a subject abounding in almost whimsical paradox. The poet's political ideal is entirely coloured by his conception of the Empire, but his knowledge of her institutions was that of the mediævalist, and therefore imperfect. "He imagined," says Dean Church, "that the Roman Empire had been one great State; he persuaded himself that Christendom might be such." His conception began in misconception peculiar to the age just preceding the rediscovery of classical antiquity. Ancient Rome was to the scholars of Dante's time a vague and somewhat distorted vision, worshipful but dimly apprehended. To her language, as the Middle Ages knew it, he was so loyal that the "Divine Comedy" had the narrowest of escapes from being written in Latin. But, fortunately for

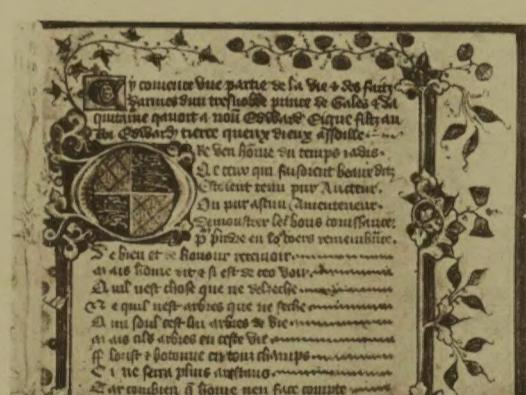


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MOTTO OF DUTCH ORIGIN? THE FRONTISPICE, INSCRIBED "ICH DENE," OF THE BLACK PRINCE MS. PRESENTED TO H.R.H. BY THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The University of London arranged to present to the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall on May 5, on his receiving the degrees of Master of Commerce and Doctor of Science (the proposed dinner was cancelled owing to the industrial crisis), a beautifully illuminated fourteenth-century manuscript telling in Norman-French verse the exploits of the Black Prince. Those chosen to make the presentation were Sir Edward Stern, Sir Israel Gollancz, Dr. Walter Seton, and a student. Its chief interest is in the frontispiece (here illustrated) showing (above) the Trinity, and (below) the Black Prince, with his ostrich feathers and the motto "Ich Dene." This confirms Sir Israel Gollancz's theory that the Prince of Wales's motto is not of German origin ("Ich Dien"), but of the Gelderland dialect. The Black Prince's ally, the Duke of Gelderland, married Edward the Third's sister. The frontispiece is also the first known association of the motto and the feathers in the Black Prince's lifetime.

law that can hold all national passions in check." That is what the modern League of Nations is groping after, and it is much in the same case as the Poet-Politician, who could formulate the theory, but could not see where it must fail. The crux lies in the administration of this supreme law. Dante's imagined Monarch could not enforce the principle; it seems as if any group of States must be in a like difficulty.

The world empire of *De Monarchia* was to spring from common consent and goodwill: nothing could have been further from Dante's thought than that his ideal polity should arise from conquest by a single ambitious will. He conceived a State at once spiritual and temporal, in which the Pontiff and the Holy Roman Emperor should jointly represent and administer the supreme law so that mankind might attain the highest good, both here and hereafter. The ideal world ruler was to be free of all greed, for the simple reason that, having all, he could covet nothing. It was assumed that he could come by his dominion



WITH THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMS BLAZONED IN THE INITIAL CAPITAL: THE BEGINNING OF THE POEM RECOUNTING HIS EXPLOITS.

This shows the top of the beautifully illuminated first page of text in the Black Prince manuscript, a story of his exploits, in Norman-French verse. He is described in the opening lines as "prince de Gales & d'Aquitaine."

the world, the Poet triumphed over the Schoolman. The first few lines of the "Inferno" were actually set down in Latin, but Dante changed his mind, to the great gain of the Tuscan tongue and of poetry. Even Petrarch could not give Latin poems immortality. Napoleon's imitations of Rome were equally foredoomed. Her history was clearer to him than to Dante, and he saw in himself another Caesar. Yet it was but the outward trappings of old Imperial Rome, the laurel wreaths, the mystic monograms, the Eagles, the titles of Consul and Emperor that he revived for a day. For permanent work the Imperial Poet has beaten him, not least by his departure from Roman traditional speech. The Eagle of Dante's begetting soars immortal on the golden wing of the Alighieri. It availed Napoleon's Eaglet nothing to be King of Rome.

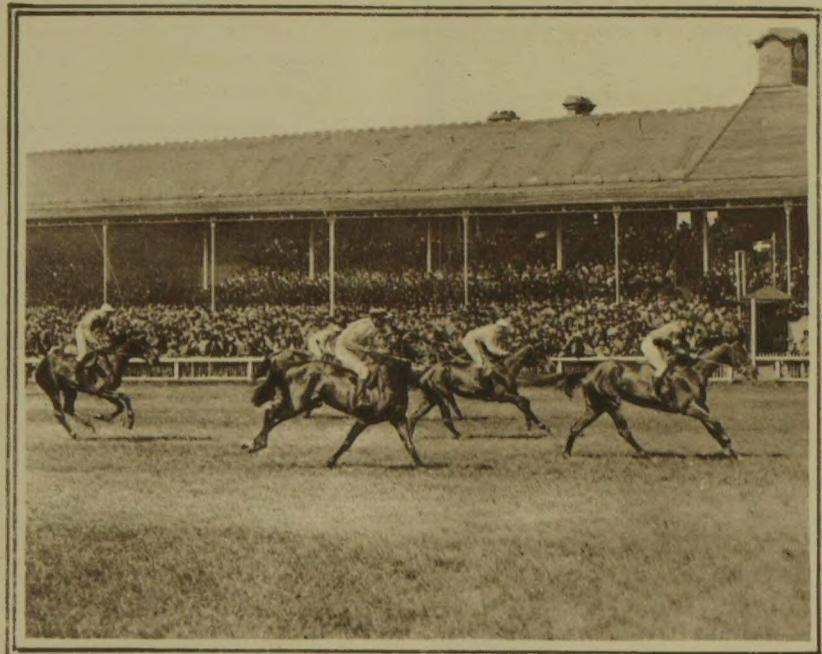
J. D. S.

THE TURF AND THE TRACK: THE "GUINEAS"; WOOLWICH v. SANDHURST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



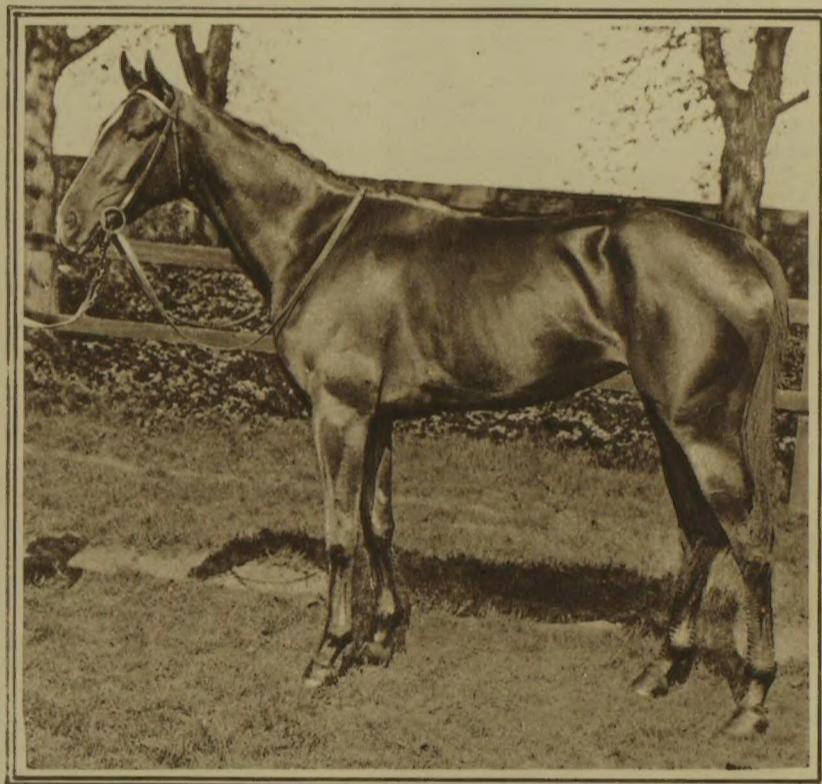
A SURPRISE IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: THE FINISH—CRAIG AN ERAN (J. BRENNAN UP) WINNING FROM LEMONORA AND HUMORIST.



A SURPRISE IN THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS: THE FINISH—BETTINA (G. BELLHOUSE UP) WINNING FROM PETREA AND POMPADOUR.



THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET: LORD ASTOR'S CRAIG AN ERAN, WHICH STARTED AT 100 TO 6.



THE WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET: MR. WALTER RAPHAEL'S BETTINA, WHICH STARTED AT 33 TO 1 AGAINST.



VICTORIOUS OVER WOOLWICH IN THEIR ANNUAL ATHLETIC MATCH BY EIGHT EVENTS TO ONE: THE SANDHURST TEAM.

In spite of railway restrictions due to the coal dispute, there was a good attendance at Newmarket for the classic "Guineas," which were both run on the same day, April 29, in the presence of the King. In each case the result was a surprise victory for an outsider. The Two Thousand Guineas was won by Lord Astor's Craig an Eran, with Mr. J. Watson's Lemonora second, and Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist third. The One Thousand Guineas was won by Mr. Walter Raphael's Bettina, with Mr. W.



DEFEATED BY SANDHURST IN THE ATHLETIC MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB BY EIGHT EVENTS TO ONE: THE WOOLWICH TEAM.

Clark's Petrea second, and Lord Astor's Pompadour third.—On April 30 the thirty-fifth annual athletic match between the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, took place at Queen's Club, West Kensington. Sandhurst won easily, carrying off eight of the nine events. The prizes were presented by Prince Henry, and Marshal Foch was a keenly interested spectator for most of the afternoon.

A "CENTURY" OF TEST MATCHES: THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



MR. H. L. HENDRY (NEW SOUTH WALES).



MR. J. RYDER (VICTORIA).



MR. H. CARTER (N.S. WALES).



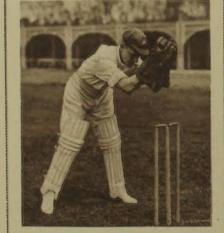
MR. C. G. MACARTNEY (N.S. WALES).



MR. W. BARDLEY (N.S. WALES).



MR. H. L. COLLINS, VICE-CAPTAIN (N.S. WALES).



MR. W. A. OLDFIELD (N.S. WALES).

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.
(From an Australian Correspondent)

IT was to be expected that Australia would send to England the cricketers who have recently scored such a decisive victory over the M.C.C. team. With the exception of Kelleway, all the men who have taken a prominent part in the long series of successes in Australia are included in the team. It is unfortunate that Kelleway was obliged, for business reasons, to decline the invitation, as his style of batting is often invaluable when defensive tactics are required, and his medium length, accurate bowling would have been a source of strength to a side not as strong in bowling as many Australians would desire.

Warwick Armstrong will again lead the Australians, and his appointment has given satisfaction in Australia, despite his recent controversy with the Victorian Cricket Association. Some critics would have preferred Collins, the Vice-Captain, but Armstrong went to England with the general confidence of the Australian cricketing public. He is such a genial fellow that he is bound to be popular in England. He has a smile for everything, even his own mistakes at the wickets and in the field. His ponderous figure prevents him from displaying much agility in the field, but he is useful in the slips, and his wonderful catch at fine leg off a tremendous drive from Douglas was one of the outstanding incidents in the recent series of Test matches.

As a batsman Warwick has lost none of his skill, and his century in the first Test match in Sydney was one of the most attractive displays of batting ever seen on that ground. As a bowler he will send down over after over of his apparently simple slow balls. With the wicket helping him he frequently gets a good turn on the ball, and if he does not always get wickets, he invariably keeps down the runs. In the Test matches he was second only to Macartney in the batting averages, with the fine figures of 77.33; and he was first in the bowling averages with 22.66. With this all-round record, the Australian Captain is a source of tremendous strength to his side. As a skipper he shows excellent generalship, and he is never averse from consulting his colleagues.

If recent form affords any true guide, J. M. Gregory is likely to prove the greatest all-rounder that Australia has ever produced. It is a remarkable fact that, prior to his inclusion in the A.I.F. team, this member of the famous cricketing family gave no indication of future brilliance. He is generally regarded as the fastest bowler in the world to-day, and no fast bowler has probably ever achieved such success with the bat. He is a tall, powerfully-built fellow, with youth on his side, but it is doubtful whether, with his particular frame, he will be able to maintain his pace with the ball. He puts tremendous energy into his run, and bowls from a great height. His pace at the end of the recent tour was not nearly as fast as in the first Test.

Possibly his successes with the bat contributed to this. A fast bowler who makes a century towards the end of an innings, and is then called upon immediately afterwards to bowl, obviously suffers a strain on his physique which must have its effect.

As a batsman Jack Gregory has improved out of sight. He is still somewhat unorthodox in style, but he has a wonderful sight of the ball, and his aggressive tactics and vigorous strokes will please the English cricketing crowds. He is now much better in defence than he was with the A.I.F. team, and has a greater variety of strokes. His tremendous strides between the wickets always cause amusement in Australia. In one Test match, when he had Armstrong as a partner, he almost reduced his skipper to a state of exhaustion.

It is in fielding, however, that Gregory displays most his inimitable energy and agility. As first slip he is second to none in the world to-day. He has an extraordinary reach with his arms. I can best describe his movement, when he dives after a ball which would be out of the reach of most players, by comparing it to the arm of a linotype machine. He made no fewer than fifteen catches in the slips in the recent Test matches, and some of them were very extraordinary. He sometimes falls to the ground in his endeavour to reach a ball, but once his large hands have touched it they rarely let it go. In batting Gregory had the fine average of 73.66 in Tests, and in bowling an average of 24.17.

English cricket enthusiasts will be eager to see the bowler who caused such havoc to the English batsmen in the Test series. Arthur Mailey is an intelligent player, who understands and remembers the weaknesses of particular batsmen. He was helped, no doubt, by the hard Australian wickets, and may not secure such a turn on the ball in England. He is, however, adaptable, and will probably be able to change his tactics to suit the altered conditions. He was certainly expensive at times in the Test matches, but wound up with an average of 26.27 and secured 36 wickets, which is a record for Test matches. None of the English batsmen was ever comfortable in facing those deceptive slow balls, which looked so easy and yet so often beat them.

The googly bowler was called upon to do a tremendous amount of work, and bowled nearly 3000 balls in the matches against the English team and the Inter-State matches. He is, however, a willing player, and knows that sooner or later he will capture wickets. Douglas was his special victim, as the English skipper was out to Mailey no fewer than six times. He also captured the wickets of Hobbs, Hendren, Makepeace and Rhodes on three occasions each, and Wooley and Russell each on two occasions. The Gregory-Mailey combination was one of the chief factors in the defeat of the English side. It remains to be seen whether it will be equally successful in English wickets.

Apart from Armstrong and Gregory, who have already been mentioned, the Australian team contains eight batsmen any one of whom is as likely as not to

TEAM SOON TO MEET ENGLAND FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME.

SPORT AND GENERAL.



MR. T. J. ANDREWS (N.S. WALES).



MR. E. A. MCDONALD (VICTORIA).



MR. J. M. TAYLOR (N.S. WALES).



MR. A. A. MAILEY (N.S. WALES).



MR. C. E. PELLEW (S. AUSTRALIA).



MR. J. M. GREGORY (N.S. WALES).



MR. W. W. ARMSTRONG, CAPTAIN (VICTORIA).

make a century in big cricket. Macartney maintains his position as the leading Australian batsman to-day. He was at the head of the averages for the Test matches with 86.66, and he also averaged the fine average of 75 in the State matches against the English team, and 68 in the Sheffield Shield matches. His two centuries in the second match, New South Wales v. England, and the Fifth Test, were masterpieces of stylish batting. His wristy strokes, late cuts, cover drives, leg glances, and beautifully timed strokes in other parts of the field proclaimed him as a worthy successor to the famous Australian batsmen of other days.

Herbert Collins, the Vice-Captain of the team, has the real Test-match temperament. He usually goes in first with Bardley, and commences his innings as if he had just finished making a hundred runs. He has been called "Lucky Collins" and he certainly was fortunate in some very badly missed catches early in the recent tour. It requires, however, a player of no ordinary ability to make century after century in big cricket, and although Collins is not so stylish a batsman as Macartney or Taylor, he can usually be relied upon to make runs. The fact that he scored three centuries against the M.C.C. team, and was associated with Bardley in three first-wicket partnerships of over a century, indicates his great value to his side.

Oldfield secured his place in the team as a result of his good "keeping" in the early Test matches following his record with the A.I.F. team. He should improve with more experience, and, like many of his colleagues, has most of his big cricket in front of him. On the other hand, this will probably be "Sam" Carter's last participation in international cricket. In the last two Test matches he showed that he is just as active behind the stumps as ever. Two of his catches in the Fourth Test in Melbourne were remarkable, one of them, in the opinion of many old cricketers, being the finest catch at the wicket ever seen on the Melbourne ground. With two such safe men available behind the wickets to support the bowlers, the Australian team completes its efficient representation in every department.

McDonald is the other fast bowler in the team. He was not successful in the Tests, but the selectors considered it desirable that another fast bowler should be available in case Gregory should be incapacitated. Few men in Australia know why Mayne was included. He has shown no recent form as a batsman, he is a poor fieldman except at point, and is not a bowler. With this single exception the selections have met with general approval. The weakness probably lies in the absence of a medium-paced left-hander who can get a spin on the ball. Collins and Macartney are both left-hand bowlers who may do well on wet wickets in England, but they have had little success—or, indeed, opportunity to succeed—this season. It is interesting to mention that both Collins and Macartney are right-hand batsmen, whilst Gregory, who is a right-hand bowler, is a left-hand batsman.

The Australian team is likely to be a happy family. Many of them served together in the great struggle for Empire and Freedom, and they combine well together as a team. They are all good sportsmen, because England and Australia have now each won forty of the international matches, and the Test Match to be played at Nottingham on May 28 will be a historic occasion, as the hundredth meeting between the Mother Country and the "daughter" lands of the Antipodes. It will be interesting to see whether the "Cornstalks" will be as successful on English wickets as they were in Australia against the M.C.C. team, whom they defeated in all five Test Matches during the season recently past. Of the fourteen members of the Australian team whose portraits are given above, no fewer than ten hail from New South Wales.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE great question of the day is the future of Parliamentary institutions. The alternative recommended by Treitschke in theory and by Bismarck in practice—autocracy, to wit—has been ruled out by the failure of the "German War" to impose it on the world and by the first stage of the Russian Revolution, if not by the second, which culminated in the twofold tyranny of Lenin and Trotsky, that figure-of-eight spider in a dark net of shaken circumstance. In reading "NEW CHAPTERS OF BISMARCK'S AUTO-

la gloire, so deeply rooted in a thousand years of stark experience, is the abomination of desolation. Napoleon's keen interest in national education, which caused him to establish the University of France, would alone have made him famous as an architect of social institutions. "There will never be fixity in politics," he averred, "if there is not a teaching body with fixed principles. As long as people do not from their infancy learn whether they ought to be republicans or monarchists, Catholics or sceptics, the State will never form a nation; it will rest on unsafe and shifting foundations, always exposed to changes and disorders." France in Napoleon's days and pre-war Germany, even more manifestly, carried this principle to unwise extremes, but there can be little doubt that all State schools should teach patriotism—and here we can learn something well worth learning from the mighty conqueror we held in so narrow a prison, for it is the height of folly to permit even State-subsidised teachers to preach internationalism (as many do) and to provide no specific antidote in the nation's schools to the educational propaganda now conducted on a large scale in all industrial districts by the revolutionary exponents of the Marxian economics.

mine of exact information, but it is never for a moment dull, since its author has a keen eye for the human interest that is never wanting for a moment in either House, and has even been able to add new and true treasures to our store of Parliamentary anecdote—an achievement one would have thought impossible! Mr. MacDonagh scoffs at the idea that Parliament is slow and cumbrous in fulfilling the task of reflecting the nation's reasoned judgment in matters of vital importance. But he does not face the difficult question of finding remedies for the present weakness of the House of Commons which originates in (1) the usurpation of undue authority by the Cabinet, (2) the increasing number of placemen in the House, and (3) its inability to impose its will, through the Ministers, on the huge bureaucracy which has grown out of the necessities of the war and the peace with its vast problems of industrial unrest, and is now far too strongly entrenched to be reduced by any display of high-explosive rhetoric. But the House still possesses a great store of intelligent energy, and we can agree with Mr. MacDonagh in believing that it is capable of adapting itself to each new set of circumstances—if only, we must add, its power, at present latent, can be released and brought to bear directly on the new problems of administration.

"THE MODERN TEACHER" (Methuen; 10s. 6d. net), edited by A. Watson Bain, M.A., and introduced by Sir W. Henry Hadow, M.A., D.Mus., is a collection of essays on the various phases of modern education by famous experts in the theory and practice of teaching. Education is not vocation—that is the root-principle accepted by all the contributors, who see that the pupil's imagination must be trained as well as his capacity for amassing useful knowledge. In the last essay but one, on "Citizenship," Dr. William Boyd emphasises the necessity of "educating our masters" in their duty to the State as well as to themselves, if they are not to be tricked and made use of by



THE PATHOS OF THE LAW COURTS INTERPRETED BY A GREAT FRENCH ETCHER: FORAIN'S "LA SORTIE DE L'AUDIENCE" (ORIGINAL SIZE, 13½ BY 11½ IN.)

By Courtesy of the "Print-Collector's Quarterly" (see Article on a later page).

BIOGRAPHY" (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d. net), translated by Bernard Miall, it is not surprising to find that the old statesman, dismissed by a young, untried monarch and made the butt of such pompous imbeciles as the Grand Duke of Baden (who described him as "an old driveller"), began to have his doubts as to the future of autocracy (even the limited liability type), though he still preserved his contempt for Parliamentarianism. As in a glass darkly, contrasting the personality of William II. with the characters of his predecessors, he had glimpses of the historic truth that autocracy fails as soon as the right type of autocrat is lacking—a result bound to arrive sooner or later, when the autocrat is supplied on the principle of primogeniture.

This year is the centenary of the death of Napoleon, and the new and enlarged edition of "NAPOLEON, 1769-1821" (G. G. Harrap and Co.; 10s. 6d. net), by H. F. B. Wheeler, sets us thinking over the character and career of the greatest autocrat the world has ever seen. The chief omission in Mr. Wheeler's otherwise excellent example of the "popular" history, which is reliable as well as readable, is the lack of a fitting appreciation of Napoleon's work as an organiser of civil reforms. Here, as in the sphere of military organisation, his grasp of broad principles, mastery of detail, and capacity for choosing the human instruments of his purpose, had full play and were magnificently effective. The Napoleonic Code and the other institutions he created, using the *élan* of revolutionary feeling to better purpose than in the vast effort to realise his dreams of world conquest, are the bedrock of modern France, which is far too strong an edifice—stronger indeed than that Bismarck called "the granite block" of his unified Germany—to be wrecked and overwhelmed by the tidal waves of Bolshevism. That is why Napoleon's name is honoured even by the Frenchmen to whom the national conception of

back "Orestes to Electra in his urn," but there is still scope for repentance.

But the question for the moment is whether, in this and other countries, Parliament is to be superseded by some form of the Soviet system, which already exists in such bodies as the National Union of Railwaymen, which can declare a strike—that is war, for it is a kind of *ultima ratio*—against the community without taking a ballot of its members. Anything which diminishes the vitality and prestige of Parliament must strengthen the case for the Soviet idea; anything which increases it adds to the efficacy of what Lord Morley praised as "the greatest instrument of civil liberty ever devised by man." The revolt of the Two Hundred M.P.s against the silence imposed on them during a great national emergency (twice the House of Commons was prevented from discussing the Triple Alliance threat of the "General Strike" which Sorel so sagaciously said ought to remain a vast and cloudy menace!) by the oligarchy called a Cabinet, was heartening to all who do not despair of the future of Parliamentary institutions. Among these must be numbered Mr. Michael MacDonagh, whose admirable book, "THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT" (Unwin; two vols.; 36s. net) clarifies and crystallises the experience of thirty-five years in the Press Gallery. His work is a



ONE OF FORAIN'S MASTERLY SERIES OF ETCHINGS FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT: "LA FRACTION DU PAIN" (ORIGINAL SIZE, 11½ BY 10½ IN.)

By Courtesy of the "Print-Collector's Quarterly" (see Article on a later page).

any plausible demagogue. We have, in fact, to return to the ancient Greek truth that "the state (city) came into being that men might live and is continued that they may live well." The first necessity is to get young people to take a continuous interest in political problems, so that they may think for themselves and not be content to be mere cyphers, adding consequence to the party No. 1 at whose coat-tails they stand in a serried impotence.

FROM EAST AND WEST: PERSONALITIES AND HISTORIC RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, JAPAN PRESS ILLUSTRATION CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., G.P.A., AND TOPICAL. THAT OF THE ARAB LAMP BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. DUVEEN.



RECEIVED BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: H.E. CHU CHI-CHIEN, EX-PREMIER OF CHINA.



PAINTER OF THE MOST-TALKED-OF ACADEMY PICTURE: SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



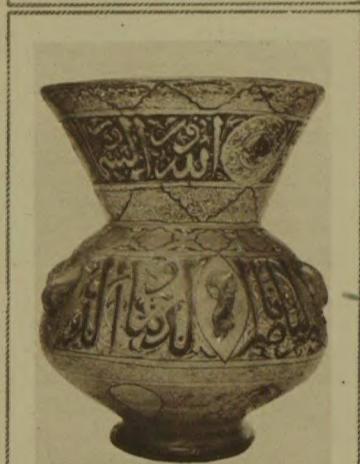
THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. J. H. WHITLEY, M.P.



OUR IMPERIAL VISITOR FROM JAPAN: THE CROWN PRINCE HIROHITO.



AGAIN WINNER OF THE LONDON-TO-BRIGHTON STOCK EXCHANGE WALK: MR. H. B. S. RHODES.



SOLD FOR 2500 GUINEAS: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ARAB MOSQUE LAMP.



SMOKED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH ON THE SCAFFOLD: A HISTORIC PIPE.



THE NEW VICEROY'S ARRIVAL IN THE CAPITAL OF INDIA: LORD READING DRIVING INTO DELHI.



OUT FOR A STROLL IN LONDON DURING HIS RECENT VISIT: MARSHAL FOCH IN MUFTI.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN IN EGYPT: H.I.H. (SECOND FROM LEFT IN FRONT) WITH LORD ALLENBY (FOURTH) AT CAIRO.



PLACED PERMANENTLY AT THE INVALIDES IN PARIS: THE RESTAURANT CAR IN WHICH THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED.

His Excellency Chu Chi-Chien, ex-Premier of China, was received by the King at Buckingham Palace on May 2, and handed to his Majesty an autograph letter from the Chinese President, together with valuable gifts.—Sir William Orpen's Academy picture, "Le Chef de l'Hotel Chatham, Paris" (reproduced on our front page), has been bought by the Chantrey Bequest.—Mr. John Henry Whitley, the new Speaker, has been Liberal Member for Halifax, where he has a cotton-spinning business, for twenty-one years.—The Crown Prince of Japan is due to arrive at Spithead on May 7. He reached Cairo, where he stayed with Lord Allenby at the Residency, on April 18, and he has since visited Malta and Gibraltar on his way to England.—At the Morgan S. Williams sale at Christie's, Messrs. Duveen gave 2500 guineas for a fourteenth-century Arab glass mosque lamp, given to the late owner by the Shah of Persia.—At the Tobacco Trade

Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Mr. Alfred Dunhill shows a large pipe of North American maple wood which Sir Walter Raleigh smoked on the scaffold in 1618 and gave to Bishop Andrews. Near the mouthpiece is a whistle for summoning a servant to refill the bowl.—Mr. H. B. S. Rhodes again won the Stock Exchange Athletic Club's walk from London to Brighton, in 9 hours 16 min. 23 sec., beating his last year's time.—The Earl of Reading, the New Viceroy of India, and the Countess of Reading arrived at Delhi on April 5.—The railway restaurant car of Marshal Foch's train, in which the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, in Compiègne Wood, was brought to the Invalides in Paris on April 28, and placed in the Musée de l'Armée. A luncheon was given in it at which Marshals Foch and Joffre were present. Marshal Foch was recently in London for the Allied Conference on German reparations.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

A COLLEAGUE said to me when we met at the Court Theatre: "Is this your eightieth Othello?" "No," said I, "it is more likely to be my hundredth, for I began playgoing when I was seven, and I have a faint recollection of my tenth birthday, when the Moor of Salvini excited my young brain to such an extent that I did not sleep for nights." I have seen all the great Othellos of my time—in English, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, German, including Austrian—and if I were to-day to "reminisce" on the subject, I should call Salvini the greatest of them all; in England, Matheson Lang the most powerful, Lewis Waller the most picturesque, and Forbes Robertson, in spite of what other critics have said, the nearest approach to the autumnal lover of the child-wife Desdemona. Now enters Godfrey Tearle under the banner of Mr. James Fagan at the Court, who splendidly and valiantly maintains one of the most glorious traditions of the nation. From the point of view of diction it is a fine performance. His voice sounds like a bell; his every word surges like a wave from an ocean; but from my point of view he is all too vehement—he is a roaring lion from the first, and in this great effort of force something of the childish tenderness of the Moor is lost. This exuberance is not so much a fault as an attribute of youth. Tearle gives us a juvenile Othello of leonine figure. It is a defensible conception, but it mars somewhat the dignity of the hero, who was not only a great lover, but a leader of men and a doughty general. Next comes the Iago of Mr. Basil Rathbone. Here was something new, something original, a revelation. Hitherto Iago has been generally played as a Macchiavelli, ripe of age, ripe in cunning, a kind of serpent in human form. But Basil Rathbone, who seems to have studied his Shakespeare well, adheres to the notion that Iago spoke of his twenty-eight years of age; so, instead of endowing him with maturity, he created a figure of youth in whom craft was more innate than the outcome of experience. To me it was an interesting study of a criminal born, an Iago so overwhelmed by ego, so prone to rule, that, to use a Continental expression, "he would tread on corpses" to reach his goal. It was a deeply interesting study, and it marked the actor as a man of promise. He has still little mannerisms of smacking lips and eye-play, but that is a detail. A part of such magnitude is a great trial to a nervous temperament. Anon the Cassio of Mr. Frank Cellier, the performance of the evening, which by its tremendous force, its enthusiasm, its magnificence of delivery, lifted me off my feet. One must know the bitter school of life to value the conviction with which Frank Cellier delivered that glorious speech on "Reputation." It went to the heart; it went to the soul; it was superb; it was human. Alas that I cannot praise the Desdemona and the Emilia! Miss Madge Titheradge as Desdemona was pale and passive. She simulated youth, but she did not convey it. Her speech was sometimes convincing, she had touching

moments, but one felt that she seemed to await opportunities which the part did not offer to her impassioned temperament. The Emilia of Miss Mary Grey, though prepossessing in personality, lacked stamina. We had but a glimpse of the long-suffering woman, not her complete portrayal. On the whole, "Othello" at the Court, set by the pictorial eye of Mr. Fagan in scenes beautiful in colour, grand in simplicity of diction, was worthy of the Shakespeare Theatre of West London.

She is *quelqu'une*! When Miss Violet Vanbrugh enters upon the scene there is a presence

impression which makes one long to see this powerful actor as the real "*petit caporal*"; and the cunning hero of Mr. Scott Sunderland, who, rueing that he had tried to capture his lady-love by stratagem, was a model of restraint, of sincerity and dignified humility.

"The Peep-Show" is, next to "Jumble Sale," at the Vaudeville, the best revue London has seen for some time. It is a revue and it is a peep-show. There are scenes galore and many sights, yet the sights are so daintily and so discreetly panelled that in a treasure trove full of happy

thoughts they make a far greater impression than more gorgeous displays. The music-shop in which we were regaled to all the songs of the 'eighties and 'nineties known to glory was one of those things which make the heart jump with joy and set the whole audience humming. The Dickens pageant was a fairylike kaleidoscope of many peeps into the novelist's works, and it was truly wonderful to behold with what chameleonic nimbleness the actors, such as Stanley Lupino, Mona Vivian, Annie Croft, and Fred Allandale, crept into Dickensian skins. In Mona Vivian the Hippodrome has found a host of fun, humour, and imagination. She does many things, and does them all to perfection. In Stanley Lupino they have a comedian as clever and supple as a vanload of monkeys; and in Fred Allandale a kind *compère* who plays burlesque character parts with a mien as if he meant it. The music is bright; the chorus girls are fair; the text is jolly; the costumes are such a dream that it is almost dangerous to be accompanied by a lady, lest they should create nostalgia of Paquin and Reville. The whole thing is gay from beginning to end.

Leon M. Lion scores in "Count X." His Bond Street pseudo-Russian spoof-sayer is a fine pastel of the late lamented (?) Rasputin. The third act, full of spookeries and satire, is a whole evening in itself. It is likely to thrill London as did "The Thirteenth Chair."



SARDOU'S IMMORTAL WASHERWOMAN LEARNING DEPORTMENT TO RECEIVE NAPOLEON: MME. MISTINGUETT MAKES A GREAT SUCCESS IN "MADAME SANS-GÈNE," AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE, PARIS.

Mme. Mistinguett has made a great hit in the Paris revival of "Madame Sans Gène," as Catherine (ex-washerwoman), wife of Marshal Lefebvre. The drawing shows Madame Sans Gène in Act I., Scene 5, taking a lesson in deportment from M. Despréaux, formerly ballet-master at the Opera, and now professor of dancing at the Court of Napoleon. Catherine is learning the correct manner in which to receive Imperial Highnesses.—[Drawn from Life by René Lelong.]

and an atmosphere. Why, oh why, does so gifted an actress not find a play worthy of her talent? Violet Vanbrugh in an adaptation of "The Knave of Diamonds," by Ethel M. Dell!—the very combination jars, and it is but homage to the actress to say as little as possible about the play. As it unfolded its weary story I had time to think what the Continental drama could offer to Violet Vanbrugh if the English supply should fail, and on my fingers I counted not less than a score of plays in which Violet Vanbrugh could repeat her world-famed success of "The Woman in the Case." She did her best with her trite material, but the opportunities were all too few, and we felt what power worked here for nothing. Two other splendid impersonations: the drink-sodden baronet of Mr. Townsend Whitling, a Napoleonesque

page to enlarge on the firstling of Mrs. Gerald Montagu, "Mother Eve," with which the Playwrights' Theatre has scored! It is a play of thought and quality, in spite of technical immaturity. It pounds the eternal marriage question; it pounds the man who looks upon wedlock as an eternal honeymoon and not as a union of two minds, who looks upon woman as the inferior partner unfit to share his intellectual pursuits; it hits home in many lines and some scenes; it deserves more than a one-day's life. The acting of Miss Mary Merrill was a thing of beauty and feeling. She learned the part in three days, yet acted it as if it were the expression of a young lifetime. And Miss Edith Evans as a foolish mother was as fascinating as Miss Ruth Mackay was flamboyant as the "woman who did."

Alas that my editor cannot grant me a whole

A GALAXY OF SUNS AND FLAMING BOW: A NORTHERN DAWN.

FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR HEMING.



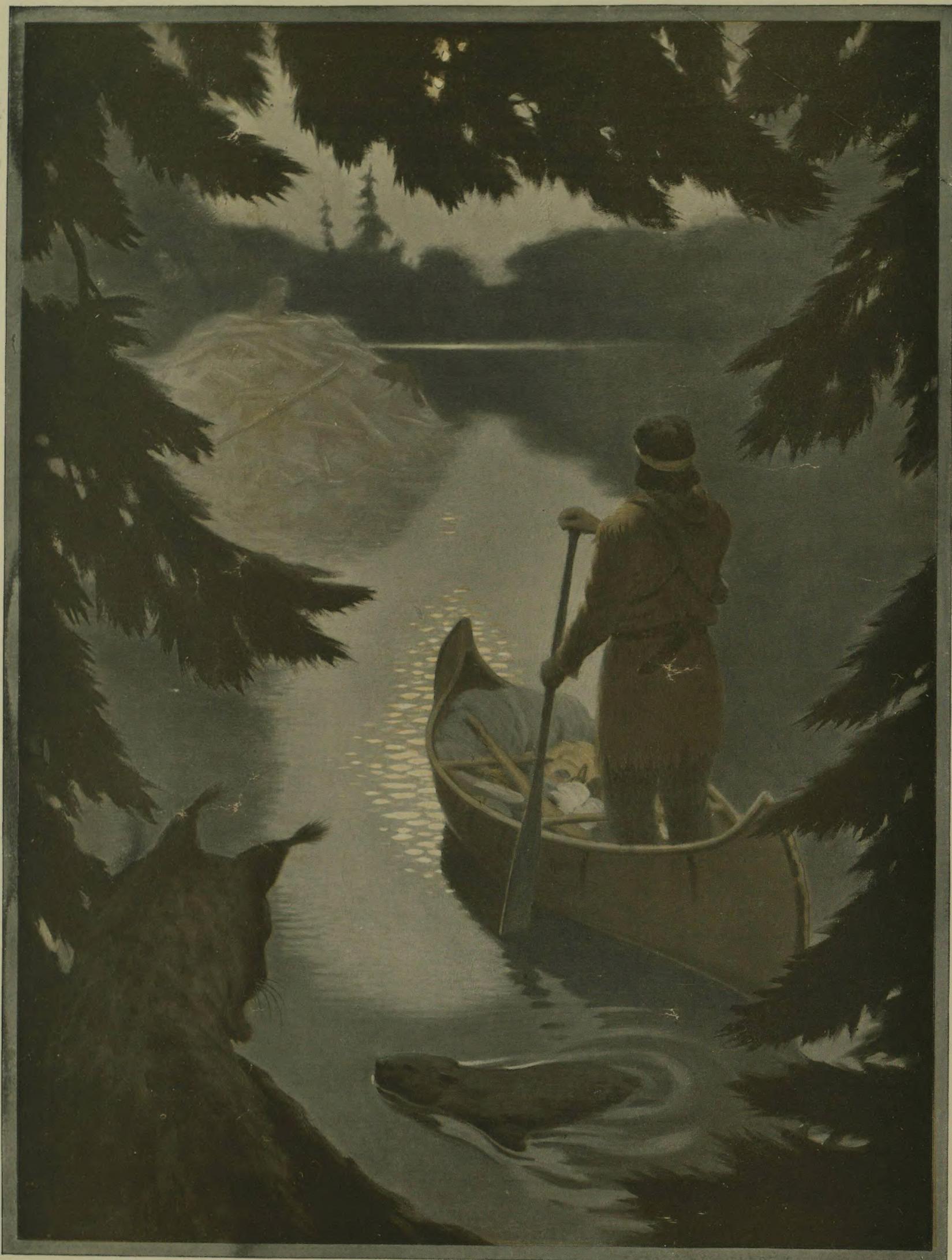
"AFLAME WITH BANDS AND BALLS OF FIRE": A WONDERFUL SUNRISE PHENOMENON IN THE FAR NORTH OF CANADA—THE ACTUAL SUN ON THE HORIZON, WITH MOCK SUNS ABOVE, AND AT EACH END OF THE RAINBOW ARCH.

The remarkable phenomenon shown in the picture was seen by the artist, Mr. Heming, during a journey in the northern wilds of Canada. "Just before daylight appeared in the south-eastern sky," he writes, "the Aurora Borealis vanished from view. Later, a golden glow, tipping the tops of the tallest trees, heralded the rising of the sun. Coming out upon a little lake we saw that the light over the distant hills had broken into a glorious flood of sunshine. Half over the far-off trees, along the horizon, the sun was shining, and the whole south-eastern sky seemed aflame with bands and balls of fire. A vertical ribbon of gradually diminishing lustre, scarcely wider than the sun, was rising into the

heavens to meet a vast semicircle of rainbow beauty arched above the natural sun. Where the strange halo cut the vertical flame and the horizon on either side, three mock suns marked the intersection. (That on the horizon to the right is not seen in the picture.) Above the natural sun and beneath the halo, four other mock suns studded the vertical band of light. It was a wonderful sight, and lasted fully twenty minutes. Now the brigade was halted. . . . The drivers, conversing in little groups, watched the beautiful phenomenon. . . . Presently the mock suns grew dim; the arch faded away; the band lost its glow; the true sun rose above the trees."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A HUNTER'S PARADISE: BY CANOE THROUGH CANADA'S NORTHLAND.

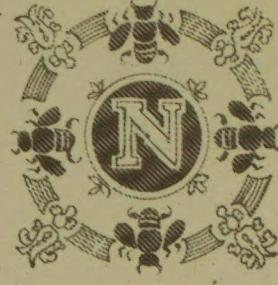
FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR HEMING.



"IN THESE NORTHERN WILDS ANIMALS HAVE LITTLE FEAR OF MAN, EVEN THE USUALLY SHY AND TIMID BEAVER": A WOLVERINE MEDITATING AN ATTACK.

Describing the journey through the far north of Canada during which he made this drawing, Mr. Arthur Heming writes: "In these northern wilds, animals have little fear of man, even the usually shy and timid beaver having not yet learned to recognise his most deadly enemy. . . . When we reached Bear Lake, I found a hunter's paradise. . . . Oo-koo-hoo recalled having seen the tracks of a wolverine that afternoon, and was reminded of a former experience. One spring, while hunting along a river, he discovered a beaver at work upon the bank, cutting poplar-sticks to take them, through a hole in the ice, to the under-water entrance of his near-by house for his family to feed upon. But presently Oo-koo-hoo

discovered another moving object; it was a wolverine, and it was stalking the beaver. When it drew near enough to the beaver, the wolverine made a sudden spring and landed upon its back. A desperate fight ensued. . . . The beaver, with the wolverine still on his back, dived in. On being submerged, the wolverine let go and swam around in an effort to get out. But the beaver, now in his element, rising beneath his foe, with one bite of his powerful, chisel-like teeth, gripped the wolverine by the throat; then he let go and sank to watch the wolverine bleed to death." The originals of the drawings are in the Royal Ontario Museum, which purchased them.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



A MIGHTY MEMORY HONOURED ALIKE BY FRANCE AND BRITAIN:
THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH.



PRUDHON'S LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAIT: THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, NAPOLEON'S FIRST WIFE.

The tragedy of Josephine's married life was the fact that she brought the Emperor no heir. In reading stories of her light conduct, it is to be remembered that she lived in perilous times, like those of the Great War a century later, when moral standards were shaken, and that she barely escaped the guillotine, to which her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, fell a victim in 1794 during the Reign of Terror. Her maiden name in full was Marie Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, and she was born in 1763 at Trois Ilets, Martinique, where her father was captain of the port of St. Pierre (destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Pelée in

1902). By her first husband she had a son, Eugène, who was made Viceroy of Italy, and a daughter, Hortense, afterwards Queen of Holland and mother of Napoleon III. Josephine married Napoleon in 1796, and was devoted to him. He crowned her at his coronation as Emperor in December 1804. Because of her childlessness, the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1809, and the next year Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria. Josephine wished to share his exile at Elba in 1814. He arrived there on May 4, and she died on May 29, at Malmaison, near Paris.

A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY PRUDHON. FROM THE COLLECTION OF M. DAVID WEILL.

THE GUARDING OF NAPOLEON:

ST. HELENA IN 1815—A BRITISH OFFICER'S DESCRIPTION.

HAD Great Britain acted solely on her own initiative in 1815, it is perhaps possible that the once great Emperor might have been spared the hardships entailed by banishment to such a desolate speck in the ocean as St. Helena. Great Britain, however, was but a single Power in the Alliance which had finally overthrown Bonaparte, and the disastrous escape of the Emperor from Elba had justly alarmed that Alliance, so that, although Napoleon had thrown himself on the protection of England, the British Government was yet compelled to intimate to him that the determination of the Allied Sovereigns was that he must be removed to St. Helena.

St. Helena had been settled by the British East India Company as early as 1651, being made by them a port of call for the supply, more especially, of their home-coming vessels, an important function at a time when all ships bound to or from India had to sail past the Cape of Good Hope. However, at the date of the Emperor's imprisonment there the island had completely ceased to be self-supporting, although but thirty years before it had been described as "well stocked with a breed of black cattle, sheep, hogs and goats, with a breed of spirited little horses well suited to the rugged roads." Turkeys, geese and ducks were also plentiful at that time in the island.

The inhabitants, mostly fishermen by trade, were, in 1815, from the precautions taken to guard against the escape of the illustrious prisoner, permitted only to fish by daylight, and even then were under the greatest restrictions.

An idea of the elaborate precautions in question is given in the following extract from a letter written by an officer of the 53rd Regiment, which had been sent to reinforce the East India Company's slender guard at St. Helena. In especial he speaks most sarcastically of the building of a redoubt on Egg Island, in order to dominate a beach on St. Helena, on which, from his showing, it would have been well-nigh an impossibility for an enemy to land:

"St. Helena, Nov. 5, 1815.

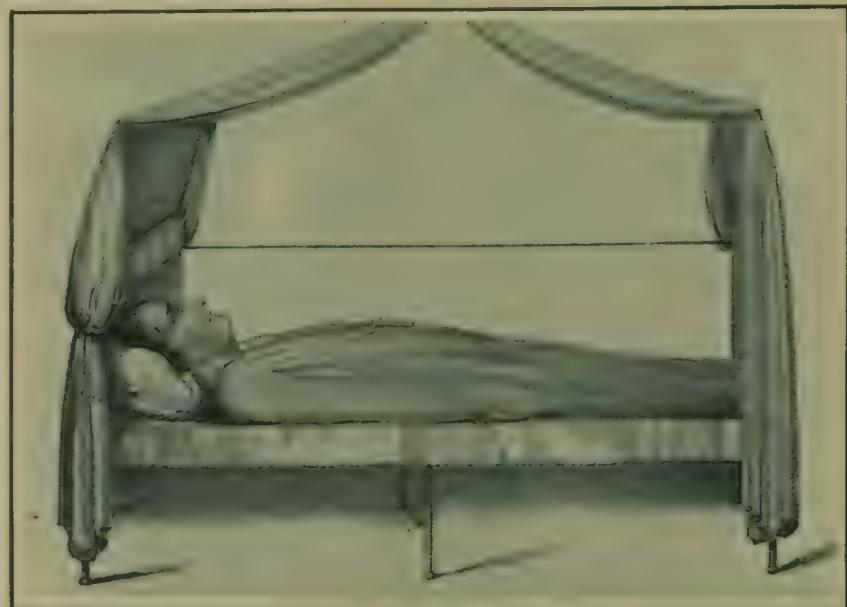
"We who are sent into banishment with Napoleon to the most wretched and desolate spot in the habitable world, have good reason to curse his name; here we are, literally starving, or living upon the hard Irish beef which we get for a ration, in the proportion of 1 lb. a day, and which is so hard as to be susceptible of as high a polish as mahogany. The privations we all endure are very great; and were it not that we sometimes catch fish (for buying them is out of the question), I do not know what would become of us; five or six fish regularly every day for dinner and breakfast, and have continued to get a mackerel or two each for those meals; but you must not suppose them like the mackerel you get in England, the largest not being half the size. It was ludicrous to see the ladies of the 53rd (who arrived in 'Ceylon' with the 2nd division of the Regiment ten days after us) asking for the market, and their astonishment was not small when they found there was no such thing in the place. They are worse off than ourselves; all the officers have only three marques among them, and those four miles from the town. Poor Napoleon is at a house in the country, or rather hut, for he has but one room which serves him for bedroom, parlour, kitchen, and hall; a house at Longwood, about four miles from the town, is preparing for him, but will not be ready in two months, and then he will

precautions taken as if an enemy were actually in sight of the island; no merchant ship of any description is allowed to anchor, and the place exactly the same as if blockaded most closely. It is morally impossible that he should escape from the island without having a ship at a little distance to receive him; and any sail can be seen sixty miles off in moderately clear weather.

"Two ships have been sent to the Cape of Good Hope for stock, which are anxiously looked for. This island supplies itself with nothing but vegetables, and depends entirely on imports for subsistence. Cutting off all trade prevents any supply to the inhabitants but what they are allowed to purchase from the public stores (the same quantity as the ration to the troops); the fishing boats not being allowed to fish at night, which was the best time altogether, renders the situation of the civilians worse than ours, and they murmur not a little. I suppose the population of the island may amount to 3,500, including 500 Company's troops. The state of society here is much behind what one would have expected in an English Colony. Indeed, there is scarcely any society to be met with except the daughters of the Company's officers, and they can say 'Yes' or 'No.' They are what we call Yamstocks (natives of the island). They had a theatre, which, however, was shut long before we came. We first made it a barrack and now a hospital. A library, they say, they will have in six months. We are all invited to dine at the Governor's on the 8th instant. I do not think many will go. They say he is worth £70,000, with only a son and daughter; but I think no man with any fortune would ever live here even as Governor—his name is Wilkes, and he is a Colonel in the Company's service.

"Sir G. Cockburn is now building a redoubt on Egg Island, about half a mile from St. Helena, to defend a bay or beach on which in very smooth weather people may land and get into a cavern, and on which beach the artillerymen are nearly drowned by the sea washing over them, because they could not get up the rocks out of its way. An enemy with arms and ammunition certainly might be able to get up better than many without, who were only trying to save their lives by escaping from the waves! Indeed, there would be great difficulty in landing

"Between three and four miles of the little village which is dignified with the title of Jamestown, after ascending a narrow winding road bordered with ravines and precipices, you reach a small plain of about a mile and a quarter in length, terminated by an abrupt cliff overhanging, at a considerable elevation, the sea. About the middle of this plain stands Longwood, which serves the once mighty Corsican either for a palace or a State prison, according as his imagination may embellish the scene. The house, which is small, is surrounded at every outlet by sentries, regularly relieved. Half a mile in advance of the house stands the lodge, where an officer's guard is stationed, suffering no individual to pass without a written order, signed by the Admiral's



DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIDSHIPMAN EASY": CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S FAMOUS SKETCH OF NAPOLEON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

Captain Marryat, the novelist, who was then at St. Helena, made this sketch fourteen hours after Napoleon's death, for the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe.

own hand. The opposite front of the house is about three-quarters of a mile from the cliff before mentioned; on the one side is an impassable ravine, on the other an unscalable mountain. The space within those limits is all that is assigned to the movements of the State Prisoner. There is, besides, within the boundary an encampment for 150 or 300 men; and on every commanding eminence, at every point which can serve to keep his movements under view, sentries are posted, who may be said to form the interior line of circumvallation, closing in the monster in the toils. The before-mentioned road to Jamestown is the only outlet from this certainly not 'happy valley,' but that road has sentries and picquets posted in regular succession all the way to the town.

"So much for the securities by land. Those by sea seem to be provided with still greater care, to render the escape of the prisoner physically impossible. No vessel can approach the island in any direction without being seen by some of the numerous signal-posts which are established and communicate with each other all round the island. The moment a strange sail is seen, signals are made to the cruising vessels, of which there are two divisions which alternately relieve each other, in the uninteresting but ceaseless duty of hovering about this speck in the ocean. They proceed from the anchorage to a certain distance, and then move round in one direction or the other, according to the winds or other circumstances, until they have completely encircled the island. If a straggling vessel from India or elsewhere approaches, they instantly make sail towards her, carefully overhaul her, and, if necessary, bring her up for final examination by the Admiral. She is not, however, suffered to anchor unless she be a King's ship or an Indiaman, and this latter class are under very strict regulation. Few of their officers are suffered to land, and even their Captains are not permitted to visit the interior of the island. As to the small boats that go out to fish for the supply of the inhabitants of the island, they are carefully examined both on their departure and their return, are limited to a few short hours for the pursuit of their occupation, and when unemployed are carefully drawn up under the guns of the harbour or of the men-of-war. It is difficult for anybody belonging to the squadron to get leave to spend a night on shore. In general, all individuals must come off from the land before sunset, at which time the drawbridge is taken up and is not let down again till sunrise the next morning; and during this interval guard-boats are constantly employed in rowing round the island.

"Such are the precautions systematically devised and employed to prevent a second attempt of this restless being to create insurrection and disturb the repose of the Continent. Military and Naval men who have thoroughly investigated all these arrangements are of opinion that they promise as much security as the nature of human affairs in any case can afford against the escape of the most crafty or desperate prisoner."



THE BEDSTEAD ON WHICH NAPOLEON DIED: HIS CAMP-BED WHICH HE HAD USED AT AUSTERLITZ (NOW IN THE MALMAISON MUSEUM).

Print supplied by G.P.A.

not be much better accommodated for the whole of his suite (eight persons, independent of servants), as it will not furnish a room each. The Generals and their wives are at present in a house in town, until the one that Napoleon goes to at Longwood is ready, when they all go there. Captain Mackay (53rd) lives with Napoleon, and he never moves without two sergeants with him, so that there is no fear of his escaping. Every boat, fisherman's or not, is moored at sunset by a naval officer, and reported to the Commander to be done so. All guards under arms at sunset and day-break; draw-bridges up at sunset, and as many

dates, figs, bananas, lemons, and one or two more fruits. You see a few coconut trees, but they do not bear fruit; but these are only seen in the valleys, the mountains not even having a shrub on them. The climate is very temperate, and, they tell us, very fine and healthy. The brown canary-bird is a native of the island, and has a more beautiful note than the yellow one. The Java-sparrow, a most beautiful bird with a very low note, is also found here. There are pheasants, partridges, some pigeons, and a number of wild doves, which we are not allowed to shoot yet.

NAPOLEON AS PENMAN AND PRISONER: AUTOGRAPHS; A PORTRAIT.

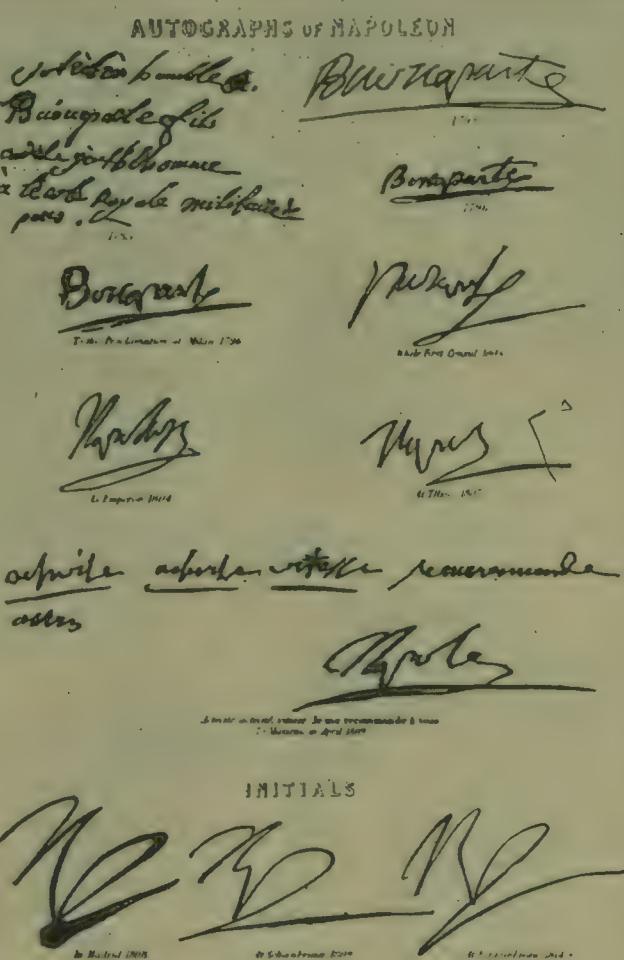
PRINTS SUPPLIED BY AUGUSTIN RISCHITZ.



ON THE VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA: NAPOLEON ON BOARD H.M.S. "NORTHUMBERLAND," A SKETCH BY MR. IBBETSON.

Ceci est mon testament
écrit tout entier de
ma propre main
Napoleon

"THIS IS MY WILL WRITTEN ENTIRELY IN MY OWN HAND. NAPOLEON": AN EXTRACT FROM THE WILL.



"ACTIVITÉ, ACTIVITÉ, VITESSE!" A NOTE FROM NAPOLEON TO MASSENA, AND AUTOGRAPHS OF NAPOLEON OF VARIOUS DATES.

NAPOLEON'S AUTOGRAPH: TWO SIGNATURES ATTACHED TO HIS WILL, MADE AT ST. HELENA.

Napoleon *Napoleone*

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

Preserved in the Prerogative Office, Doctor's Commons, London.

Le vingt et un avril 1821 à Longwood sur l'île de St. Helena
je meurs dans l'espérance apostolique chrétienne dans le sein de laquelle
je n'aurai pas de plus de cinquante ans
je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine
au milieux des hommes français que j'ai tant aimé

Le vingt et un avril 1821 à Longwood, île de St. Helena... Je meurs dans la Religion apostolique et Romaine dans le sein de laquelle j'aurai pas de plus de cinquante ans... Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.
This present 21st April 1821 at Longwood, island of St. Helena. I die in the Holy Roman Catholic faith, in the bosom of which I was born, more than fifty years ago. I desire that my remains may be deposited on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have so much loved.

"I DESIRE THAT MY ASHES MAY REST BY THE BANKS OF THE SEINE AMID THE FRENCH PEOPLE THAT I HAVE SO MUCH LOVED": AN EXTRACT FROM NAPOLEON'S WILL, WITH HIS SIGNATURES THERETO.

The autographs of Napoleon given in the top right illustration are dated (from top to bottom)—left column: 1795; Proclamation at Milan, 1796; as Emperor, 1804. Right column: 1793; 1796; as First Consul, 1803; at Tilsit, 1807. The note to Massena, written in April 1809, reads: "Activité, activité, vitesse. Je me recommande à vous." The portrait bears the following note by Theodore Hook, the novelist, who was Accountant-General of Mauritius from 1813 to 1817: "This sketch of Napoleon was made on board the 'Northumberland' man-of-war on her voyage to St. Helena, by Mr. Commissary Ibbetson, who gave it to me

in that Island." In his book, "Napoleon," Mr. Thomas E. Watson writes: "In his Will, written by his own hand, he set out an elaborate list of legacies, including those who had befriended his boyhood, and those who had been loyal to him in the days of his power, as well as those whose fidelity had been the comfort of his captivity and dying hours. . . . Only a small portion of the vast assets Napoleon claimed to have left in Europe could be found by his executors, and during the Second Empire the State voted 1,600,000 dollars toward the unpaid legacies." His handwriting shows swiftness and scorn of pedantry.

LONGWOOD—NAPOLEON'S ST. HELENA "PRISON HOUSE":

PHOTOGRAPHS 22.



WHERE NAPOLEON LIVED IN EXILE AFTER 1815 AND DIED IN 1821: LONGWOOD, IN ST. HELENA, BOUGHT BY NAPOLEON III. IN 1858.



SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE WINDOWS OF OF NAPOLEON'S STUDY AND

WHERE ANGLO-FRENCH CENTENARY RITES WERE ARRANGED.

M. A. C. CAVICCHIONI.



THE SALON, AND ON THE RIGHT THOSE BEDROOM: PART OF LONGWOOD.



WHERE NAPOLEON USED TO FOREGATHER ON FINE DAYS WITH HIS COMPANIONS IN EXILE: THE "TUNNEL" IN THE GARDEN.



WHERE THE BODY OF NAPOLEON RESTED UNTIL ITS REMOVAL TO PARIS IN 1840: THE TOMB OF THE EXILED EMPEROR AT ST. HELENA.



NAPOLEON'S HOME DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS OF HIS LIFE: LONGWOOD—THE VERANDAH.



WITH THE POSITION OF HIS CAMP-BED MARKED BY AN ENCLOSED BUST: THE ROOM WHERE NAPOLEON DIED.



SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) AN ORNAMENTAL BASIN DESIGNED BY NAPOLEON: THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT OF LONGWOOD, WHEN IT HAD FALLEN INTO DISPAIR.

The centenary of Napoleon's death at Longwood, on the lonely island of St. Helena, on the evening of May 5, 1821, was made the occasion for many commemorative celebrations in France, Corsica, Belgium, and on the Rhine. Those arranged in Paris included a Requiem Mass at Notre Dame, a ceremony at the Invalides (where the body of Napoleon was re-buried, after removal from St. Helena, in 1840) with an address by Marshal Foch, another at the Institut de France, and on the actual anniversary a great military procession through the Arc de Triomphe, with a salute of 101 guns. Simultaneous celebrations were planned at St. Helena, in which the British Government was associated with the French authorities. It may be recalled that Longwood and Napoleon's tomb there have been French property since 1858, when the Government of

Napoleon III, bought them for 178,565 francs. The place had become much dilapidated, and the rooms occupied by Napoleon had been used for a stable. It was afterwards restored and a custodian was appointed. It was stated recently that a French battery would go to St. Helena, and on May 5 would fire a gun every hour from dawn till 5 p.m. and at 5.58 p.m. (the hour of Napoleon's death) a salute of 21 guns, the number fired when his remains were removed in 1840. It was said also that a British war-ship might take part in the ceremony, and that the British Government had arranged a special commemoration service. An article describing a recent pilgrimage to Longwood, by Mr. Charles Dawbarn, appears on another page in this number.

NAPOLEON'S ISLAND PRISON: A PILGRIMAGE TO ST. HELENA.

ST. HELENA rises a grey barren rock out of the sea. Its appearance is particularly uninviting. It seems to express the boredom and *ennui* from which Napoleon perpetually suffered. A padre on board the *Grantully Castle* told me, as we approached the shore, that before goats were imported into the island, green saplings grew out of the rocks; but such vegetation is now destroyed; goat-like appetites have proved destructive. Yet first appearances are somewhat deceptive. When I step ashore from the boat in which coloured men have brought me from the ship, I find there is more greenery than I expected. The soil varies in productivity just as does the temperature, which changes according to height above sea-level and exposure to the winds. There are trees and vegetation of all kinds growing luxuriantly in the hollows; but as we ascend a series of terraces up towards Longwood, the object of our pious pilgrimage, we are struck with the occasional dreariness of the scene. Giant cacti and aloes dispute the dry earth with tumbled rocks. Yet the climate is delicious. We are in the tropics, but there is always a movement of the air to moderate the heat. And so we found, when, our carriage having rather miraculously reached higher levels, in spite of the slippery roads and the starved steeds, we encountered a refreshing breeze. From the upper plain we could see growing crops in the valleys and groves of mangoes, peach-trees, and bananas. New Zealand flax has been lately introduced and does well. Tempted by high prices, the inhabitants have rather overdone the planting, with a resultant restriction in the area given to foodstuffs, which have to be imported—a foolish system, since flax fluctuates in price, and, moreover, the tonnage difficulty exists.

Nestling in a hollow between two shoulders of a hill is Jamestown, the capital, a huddled, irregular-looking little town, with a blind-eyed appearance as if perpetually in a siesta. The market-place is alive with sellers, who spread their wares to catch the tourist: lace, pottery, baskets, and necklaces of red beads. There is the church containing an entry of Napoleon's death. He is described as "Ex-Emperor of the French." The inhabitants knew nothing of his illness, and their first intimation of his demise was a large order for black! His death was of a piece with his life of melancholy seclusion at Longwood. During the last few years, he passed almost unperceived by the St. Helenians, who used to await eagerly the arrival of French and English newspapers by the ships to ascertain whether the illustrious prisoner was still amongst them.

Poor melancholy monarch surveying the interminable sea from the Barn Rock, a little east of Longwood, and named by its resident "The Grey Sentinel," by reason of its solitary post overlooking the wastes! Finally we arrive at the plateau where the plain-looking wooden bungalow is placed. It is in the same state as it was one hundred years ago, when Napoleon lived there, except that no stick of furniture exists within it—nothing but a visitors' book, in which one signs one's name, and a black marble head upon a pedestal which, railed from the rest of the drawing-room, indicates that here the Man of Destiny expired at six o'clock on the evening of May 5, 1821. Queen Victoria handed over the house to Napoleon III., who restored it to its original state. It had fallen to base uses as a stable and hayloft after the Emperor had died.

His earthly career had ended; his restless body, emaciated by his last illness, reposed in the tomb. This was in a valley beneath two willow-trees, where the great Corsican was wont to muse on the mutability of human fortunes, and slake his thirst,

and possibly cool his anger against his gaoler, from the stream which bubbles close by. The simple grey slab which covers the grave where the body lay is nameless in its dumb eloquence, but a tablet on a neighbouring tree records the fact that the coffin was removed in 1840 to France on board *La Belle Poule*. Dead, his entry to Paris was probably more imposing than had he, living, headed his Guards into the old capital—at least, there was greater unanimity in his welcome. French Royalists dared to honour the Imperial Adventurer in a way which they would not have done had he been still a menace to their hopes. Four million lives perished with his ambitions,

cost to his dignity—at least once daily, so as to assure Sir Hudson that he was really there. The officer's mission was no sinecure, and his unflagging zeal brought him the laughter of the French personnel and the Chinese gardeners whom the Emperor employed when he took up gardening as a distraction from his tormented mind. The officer would peep into the house to discover Napoleon, perhaps, in his bath or stropping his razor. Occasionally he would see the Emperor's small cockaded hat, which he habitually wore, without being certain whose head was beneath it. On one occasion, it is said, Napoleon advanced towards the officer's hiding place in "a state of appalling nudity."

The prisoner took daily rides during the first few years of his stay in the island, but this exercise became intolerable when Lowe insisted that he should be followed by a British orderly officer. Finally, he refused to see Sir Hudson Lowe at Longwood, and was always "out" when he called. There were only six occasions upon which the pair exchanged words—words so hot that Napoleon, refusing to compromise his dignity further, determined to avoid seeing his tormentor in future. Thereafter, Napoleon hardly left Longwood, sitting there all day, either reading or directing activities on his small estate. When I saw it, a little more than a year ago, agapanthus lilies, plumbago, fuchsias, and marguerites, were growing there in profusion. One could picture in these narrow, commonplace limits the great Emperor's ineffectual anger, his nervous pacing

to and fro. The caged lion longed for the liberties of action on a great and sufficing stage. Until the last he dreamed that, somehow or other, he would get away to America and there found a state. Curious to think that the line of Washington and Lincoln might have been that of Napoleon! Yet, in spite of remorse and the bitterness of memories of grandeur which had been his and could be no more, he was wonderfully patient in his exile. There were occasional fits of anger, but usually he held himself in, and showed dignity and fortitude. The splendour of his own genius and the very exuberance of his overflowing personality were instruments in his undoing. They placed him high above his fellows, and they thrust him down into the nethermost pit—beneath the feet of Hudson Lowe.

His conversations and reflections are known to all the world interested in the great career. One of his striking utterances was: "I found the crown in the gutter and I picked it up with my sword." And he might have added that with the sword he was forced to lay it down. Many of his observations on the art of war, on government, on the psychology of crowds and the management of men, will remain enshrined as gems of thought, and as singular witnesses to his acuteness of vision, as well as, sometimes, to his stupendous egoism. The world's greatest military genius, perhaps, he was also the world's greatest law-giver. And the man had not only unrivalled powers of mind, but a body that resisted—like some legendary hero in the days of the gods—unlimited fatigue.

He had a stupendous capacity for work. Here in this lonely island was quenched the formidable spirit which was the terror of Europe, but which is still, in many senses, the inspiration of the world. This was his living tomb for six long years. And his pathetic and obscure burial in the little valley close to Longwood contrasts strangely and significantly with the glory of his last mausoleum under the gilded dome of the Invalides in Paris.

CHARLES DAWBARN.



NAPOLEON'S FIRST PLACE OF RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA: THE BRIARS.
When Napoleon first arrived at St. Helena he stayed at The Briars, the home of Mr. Balcombe, who, with his wife and two daughters, entertained him until Longwood was ready in 1816.

Print supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

and eight hundred millions of treasure went the same way. Yet his arrival at his last resting-place was grandiose and impressive in the extreme. A distinguished audience, including the King of France, rose as the body was brought in, and a stentorian voice announced "L'Empereur!" The majesty of the man and the magnitude of his genius were at least recognised in his death, even if the very circumstances of the ceremony showed that very little remained of his work.

There was no brightening of his existence during the concluding part of his exile. It remained unrelieved monotony—a dreary absence of all interests to uplift him from his state. The Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, was always haunted with the fear of his escape. He imagined that he would communicate with the outside world,



WHERE NAPOLEON DIED: LONGWOOD, THE HOUSE AT ST. HELENA WHERE HIS LAST YEARS WERE SPENT.

After Napoleon's death the house fell into disrepair, and for many years was used as a stable.

Print supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

though his letters were always closely scrutinised, and slip through some ravine down to the sea and disappear mysteriously in a submarine boat. He was obsessed with the idea of plots, and, on occasion, would double and treble the guards around Longwood, as if he feared a sudden eruption from an enemy, though ships are visible sixty miles from these rocky shores. The notion of evasion became his predominant thought. A wretched officer was instructed to see Napoleon—at any

THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND: PORTRAITS AND HISTORIC RELICS.

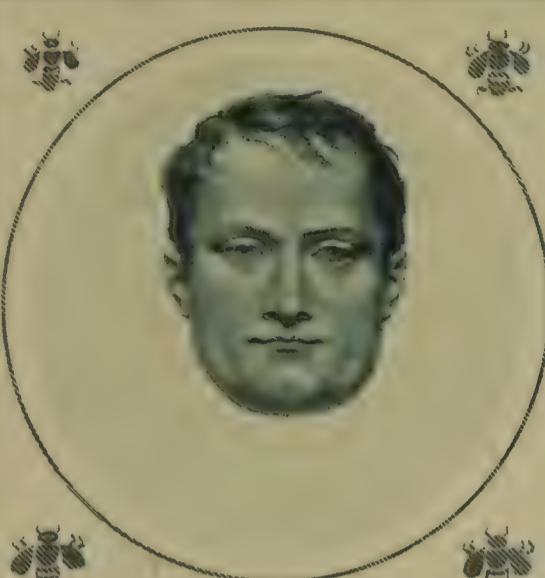
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ATLAS AND CARRIAGE BY COURTESY OF MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS.



"GENERAL BONAPARTE" AS FIRST CONSUL :
A MARBLE MEDALLION BY BOIZOT, 1799.



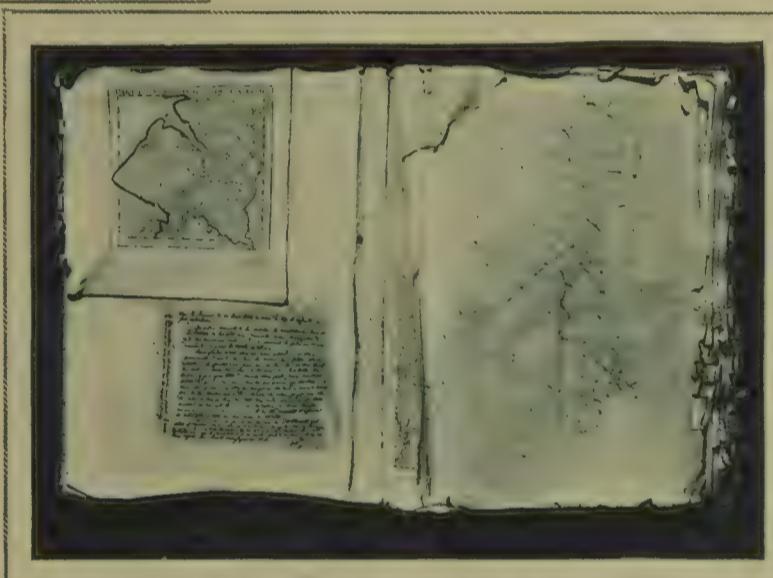
NAPOLEON'S SECOND WIFE: THE EMPRESS
MARIE LOUISE—A DRAWING BY PRUDHON.



NAPOLEON: A STUDY FROM A MASK OF THE
EMPEROR, BY PRUDHON, IN BLACK CRAYON.



NAPOLEON'S SON, THE LITTLE KING OF ROME, IN HIS CARRIAGE DRAWN
BY TWO SHEEP: A DRAWING BY BINELLI, ENGRAVED BY CHARON.



CONTAINING PLANS OF BATTLES DRAWN BY NAPOLEON: HIS CAMPAIGNING
ATLAS, USED FOR SEVERAL YEARS (NOW AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S).



USED TO CARRY THE COFFIN OF NAPOLEON TO HIS
FIRST GRAVE AT ST. HELENA, IN 1821: THE HEARSE.



NAPOLEON'S CARRIAGE AT ST. HELENA, WHICH WAS DRAWN BY FOUR HORSES
WITH TWO POSTILLIONS: A RELIC NOW AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

Napoleon became First Consul after the *coup d'état* of 1799. In 1802 he was made First Consul for life, and in 1804 he assumed the title of Emperor. He married Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I. of Austria, in 1810, having divorced his first wife, the Empress Josephine, the previous year. Marie Louise had one son by Napoleon, the little King of Rome, whom she took with her to Schönbrunn when she left France in 1814, on Napoleon's overthrow. In 1822 she married, morganatically, her Chamberlain, Count Neipperg. The atlas shown above was carried by Napoleon on his campaigns for several years. After the

battle of Montmirail, on February 11, 1814, when he defeated Blücher, it was left behind by mistake at an hotel at Château Thierry. This atlas and the carriage used by Napoleon at St. Helena are now at Madame Tussaud's. The carriage was the last he ever entered. He always used it drawn by four horses, with two postillions, and the front let down. In 1848 it was sold by Major Charles Sampson, of St. Helena, to Mr. John Blofield, who brought it to Europe, and its authenticity was certified by General Count Montholon and Count Emmanuel de las Casas. The St. Helena hearse is in the Musée de l'Armée, Paris.

A GREAT NAME IN THE CALENDAR OF MARS: RELICS OF NAPOLEON, THE "RAVENING EAGLE" OF EUROPE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RELICS FROM MADAME TUSSAUD'S FAMOUS EXHIBITION SUPPLIED BY MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS; OTHERS BY AUGUSTIN RISCHGITZ.



A NAPOLEONIC RELIC FROM ST. HELENA: HIS FAVOURITE GARDEN CHAIR.



USED BY NAPOLEON ON HIS BATTLEFIELDS: HIS SPY-GLASS.



THE VICTOR OF WATERLOO AND HIS DEFEATED FOE: "WELLINGTON VISITING THE EFFIGY OF NAPOLEON" (AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S). A PICTURE BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER (1852, THE LAST PORTRAIT FOR WHICH THE DUKE SAT).



BEDDING ON WHICH NAPOLEON DIED AT ST. HELENA: THE PILLOW AND MATTRESS OF HIS CAMP-BED.



FOUND AMONG NAPOLEON'S POSSESSIONS AT ST. HELENA: A CAMEO RING.



BUILT FOR NAPOLEON, BUT NEVER OCCUPIED: THE NEW HOUSE AT LONGWOOD, ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.



PERSONAL RELICS OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA: HIS RAZOR AND SHAVING-BRUSH, (NOW IN THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION).



SHOWING THE HOUR (5.50 P.M.) AT WHICH NAPOLEON DIED: HIS WATCH (GIVEN TO HIS VALET); AND HIS QUILL PEN.



WHEN IT WAS USED FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES: THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED AT LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA.

Napoleon bequeathed to the world an immense legacy of tradition, anecdote, and reminiscence, and a whole literature has grown up around his memory. At this time of the centenary of his death at St. Helena, on May 5, 1821, anything connected with his exile there acquires a pathetic interest. Most of the relics illustrated here are to be seen at Madame Tussaud's; the others—his razor and shaving-brush, spy-glass and one of the chairs—are in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. Especially interesting is the picture by Sir George Hayter of the Duke of Wellington visiting the effigy of Napoleon at Madame Tussaud's, remembering the day when "Again their ravening eagle rose In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, And barking for the thrones of kings; Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down." In the tableau is the camp

bedstead used by Napoleon during his six years' exile, with the mattresses and pillow on which he died. His effigy is clad in his Chasseur uniform, covered with the cloak he wore at the Battle of Marengo in 1800. The likeness of Napoleon is from the original cast by Antommarchi, an Italian surgeon sent to St. Helena to attend him. The figure of the Duke of Wellington was painted from life shortly before his death in 1852. As mentioned under our double page illustrating Longwood, Napoleon's residence at St. Helena, the house after his death fell into disrepair and was used as a stable, until Napoleon III.'s Government bought it in 1858. In connection with the centenary, many exhibitions of Napoleonic relics have been arranged in and near Paris—at Fontainebleau, Compiegne, Malmaison, and Sèvres.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE sale rooms include the selections made from great houses and great collections. The sieve that a modern auctioneer of art-objects applies to his clients is not known. It is he who determines what is or what is not proper to offer to the public, irrespective of family tradition that it has been this or that. He has to believe so

emulation of Claude, neglected basic rules ensuring permanence physically. His vagaries at the Royal Academy on varnishing days, with his lamp-black and his red-ochre, proclaimed his unthinking eccentricity. The sun he worshipped destroys him every hour. We who love Turner wish a thousand things when we see Turner's dreams vanishing, melting into crude skeleton shadows of his greatness in colours. The old masters prepared their pigments to last five centuries; the modern painters hardly outlive a century in colour-values.

Hence a fine collection of engravings after J. M. W. Turner has a striking value—a value, be it said, that will grow as the years go on. There are *Liber Studiorum* prints, a fine sprinkling of illustrated volumes, Views of Sussex, Rivers of England, Ports of England, prints of the Tivoli, the Grand Canal, Venice, Lucerne, the Golden Bough, Ancient Italy, and many others in parcels and in portfolios. These came suddenly on Turner collectors with bewildering profusion. Perhaps the prices were not great, not so great as they will be when every scrap of engraved work after Turner will be eagerly competed for as of intrinsic worth. Those who snatched the treasure won greatly, for all was gold. The time will come when Turner will be a tragic memory, and the black-and-white translations of his art will be all that posterity can claim.

Christie's sale of porcelain and faience on May 3 offered some interesting examples in a quiet sale where nothing stood pre-eminent. For the minor collector, here was the chance on a somewhat flat market. There

were some rather interesting Chelsea figures of boys and girls, two in harlequin costume, and a Chelsea figure of Diana, "hun-

ress chaste and fair," and another of John Wilkes, who was neither chaste nor fair. Lovers of cats in general, or of cats in pottery in particular, were able to jump at the chance to procure *en bloc* a collection of porcelain and earthenware figures of cats, comprising ninety-eight specimens of Whieldon, Persian, Delft, old Staffordshire, Rockingham, Dresden, and other wares.

All sorts of ideas are held about cats. It was Charles I. who told Stratford that "Parliaments are of the nature of cats, they grow cursed with age." Lovers of cats should read Miss Reppier's "In the Dozy Hours," or grow sentimental with Pierre Loti in his sketch of his two cats. Edgar Allan Poe's "Black Cat" is eerie; but Swinburne, who drank the wine of life, has his .

Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
Condescend
Here to sit by me and turn
Glorious eyes that smile and burn,
Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,
On the golden page I read.

It is George Wither, not always the most gay and debonair of poets, who sings—

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat.
And therefore let's be merry!

Old English silver plate was sold by Messrs. Christie on May 4, the property of the late Countess of Selkirk, of the Rev. J. F. W. Woodeyre, and from other sources. Naturally, in regard to the former owner, Scottish silver came uppermost. Big prices were not to be expected, but discreet buyers could obtain fine values, to be doubled

and trebled shortly. Porcelain and pottery, on May 5 at Christie's, offered just such chances as those who are interested care to take. For instance, how many people who know English china know Church Gresley? But here is a complete service. Burton, in his "English Porcelain," has something to say of this factory neglected by collectors, but here it is for speculative connoisseurs. Years ago Lowestoft octagonal plates on powdered-blue ground, museum specimens that they are, would bring great prices, but Lowestoft is not in fashion as it was. The little factory has been relegated to its subsidiary position.

On the following day, Messrs. Sotheby arranged to sell porcelain and pottery, including Urbino dishes of fine character, and one was attracted by an eggshell plate with turquoise-blue ground, a ruby-backed eggshell plate of *famille-rose* design, and a collection of *famille-rose* examples dear to the connoisseur.

Chinese art has something greater than Japanese. It is as old Italian is to French. It claims greater recognition. Japan seized Whistler and seized Aubrey Beardsley, and they became instantly men on a lower plane than if they had studied Chinese art. All this is inevitable, and posterity will put Whistler in his right place. Here is Chinese art in this small sale; heaps of things potentially beautiful, exceptionally rare, although at the present not marketably rare. It was to be expected that the eggshell examples would bring good prices, but that many of the others would, like the sower's seed, fall on barren ground. The ground is barren because people do not trouble to think how much Chinese art means. Its symbolism is superlative, its technique is unexampled, its *insouciance* and its native poetry are unequalled in the world; for that reason a Chinese gentleman or a Chinese poet must be fine examples of humanity. We Westerns have been too arrogant. All the earth is not ours—the map shows us that. Let us worship and let us revere the beautiful



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION WITH NAPOLEON: A SKETCH BY DAVID.

Above this sketch are written the words: "L'impératrice Josephine dessinée d'après nature, par David"; and below: "Donné à mon fils Eugène. David." Jacques-Louis David became Court painter to Napoleon in 1804, the year when he declared himself Emperor. The pose of the head in the sketch resembles that in David's picture of the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

little and forgot so much. Objects that have been "a hundred years in the family," but are palpably modern, disturb his equanimity, especially when such dilemmas occur every day. But, on the whole, things right themselves. As to great houses, there is often the desire of owners to sell on the spot. Hence a sale such as that conducted by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, at Watlington Park, Oxon, the property of Lady Winifred Renshaw. Lock, stock, and barrel it ran, from the outdoor effects to the nursery. But one must not forget the portrait of Madame Ninon de Lenclos, and two interesting canvases by Johannes Storck, 1678. A really fine Chippendale chair, with shaped arms terminating in rams' heads, brought only 88 guineas. A Queen Anne walnut cabinet on spiral-turned legs and shaped stretchers was another feature. A fine Louis XV. cartel clock, with ormolu case surrounded by an urn, exhibited fine craftsmanship.

On April 29, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson disposed of old English furniture, several properties including that of Clara, Countess Cowley, which embraced a Queen Anne cabinet of yew wood, which was interesting, and another Queen Anne cabinet which had a pedigree as once belonging to Nelson, having been purchased at the Merton Abbey sale in 1805. Here was a piece hall-marked sufficiently enough to interest American collectors of old English relics, which only realised 60 guineas.

Lovers of Turner deplore the fugitive character of his pigments. Soon there will be no Turner visible. Little blinds have been provided by the authorities of the National Gallery, London, to shield his water-colour work from the feeble light which penetrates to the basement where his dreams are enshrined. It was Sir Joshua Reynolds who exclaimed that McArdell and his contemporary engravers in mezzotint would perpetuate his fame. Turner might have similarly paid the tribute to his interpreters in black and white. Time has laid a heavy hand on Turner, who, though he woed posterity with his



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE ABOUT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE TO NAPOLEON (1796): A PASTEL STUDY BY PIERRE PRUDHON.

From the Collection of M. David Weill.

dreams of the Chinese potter who gave his art to the Western "red-haired devils," which we may be to the Chinese proletariat. But we are outer barbarians still in ceramics. If we are lovers of what is fine and what is still unattainable, let us worship here. A glance at a Staffordshire potter's show-room, a visit to one of our china trade exhibitions, should awaken the love in every sane man of collecting the prototypes of the Far East.

The Royal Academy of 1921: Notable Exhibits.



"THE LADY VERNON":
BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



"THE LADY KATHARINE SOMERSET":
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



"MRS. H. DELMEGE":
BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



"MRS. HENRY POOLE":
BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MODERN PORTRAITURE IN



"MADAME TAMARA KARSAVINA":
BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



"SIDNEY BOULTON, ESQ., CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S":
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"THE HON. MRS. ODO VIVIAN":
BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.



"MISS DOROTHY PERKINS BULL":
BY RICHARD JACK, R.A.

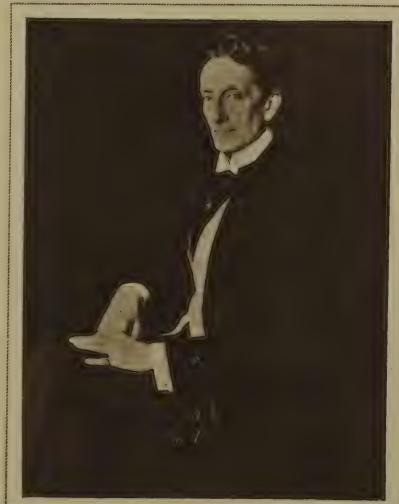
THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



"MRS. MELVILL":
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



"SLADILLA":
BY WALTER W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.



"SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON":
BY MEREDITH FRAMPTON.



"THE HON. CECIL WELD-FORRESTER, R.H.G.":
BY J. ST. HELIER LANDER.

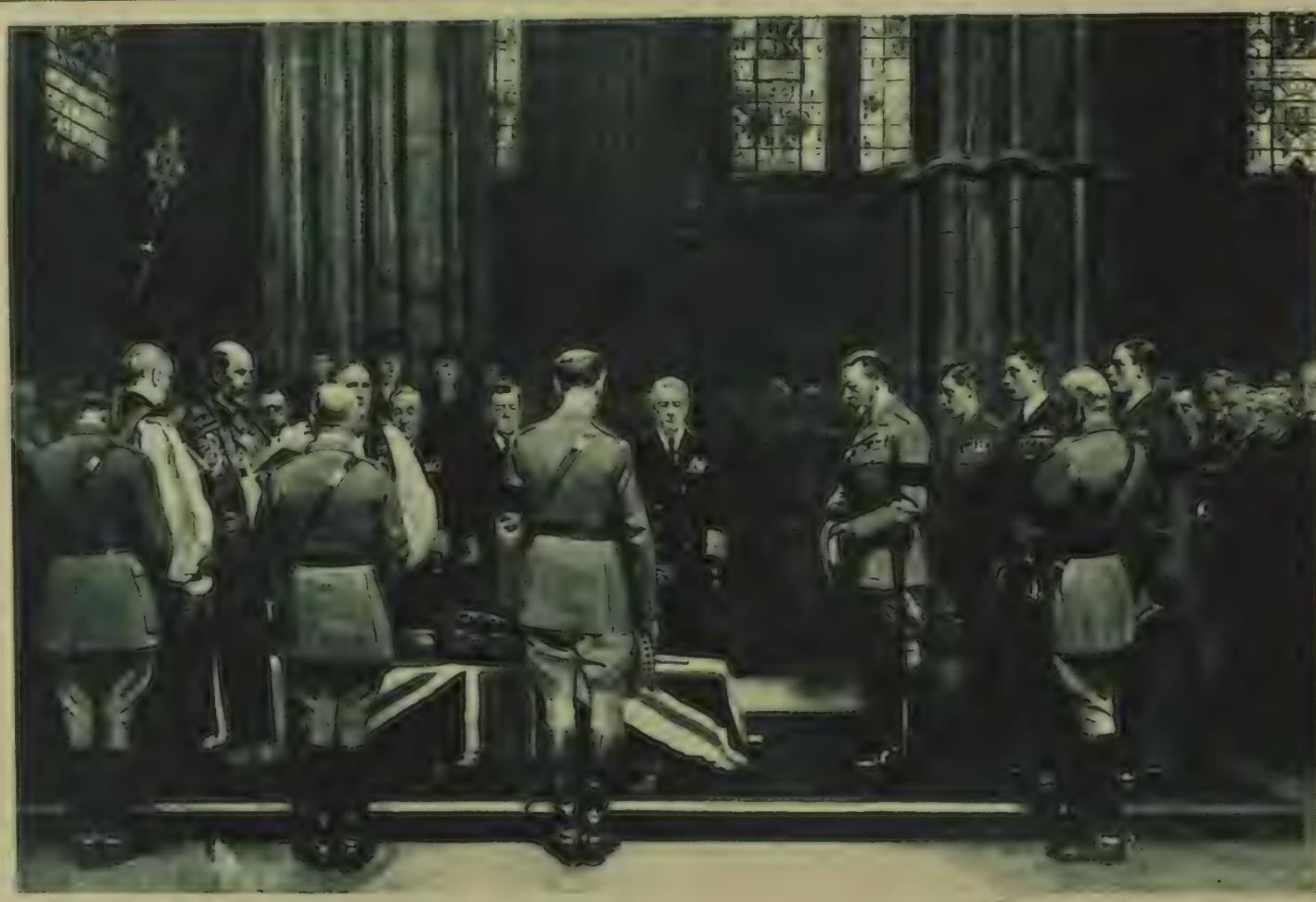
THE ROYAL ACADEMY: HISTORICAL AND SUBJECT PICTURES.



"THE LADY'S RACE":
BY CHARLES PEARS.



"THE CLUB" (i.e., THE DEVONSHIRE):
BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.



"AND THEY BURIED HIM AMONG THE KINGS": WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920:
BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.



"SALVING OF H.M.S. 'VINDICTIVE,' OSTEND":
BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



"UP A TREE":
BY J. CHARLES DOLLMAN.



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We now guarantee that Genasprin consists solely and simply of the finest quality aspirin, with a minute quantity of wholesome arrowroot, and contains no other ingredient whatsoever.

We further guarantee that these tablets are absolutely free

from even the minutest trace of uncombined acid, disintegrate perfectly, and therefore represent the highest possible standard of purity, efficiency and harmlessness.

The importance of these facts cannot be over-rated; for aspirin is more widely used than any other medicament—with the possible exception of quinine—and, as many people take it without medical advice, it is in the interests of the public that the tablets supplied should be perfectly pure and perfectly constructed.

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ADAM DESIGN

FORTY YEARS OF ANGLING.

THIS is a book—"Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing" (Heath Cranton, 12s 6d. net)—which should please all anglers, for the author, Major J. L. Dickie, gives us a full basket of experiences, not only among salmon and trout, but with other fish, and tells his pleasant story in a chatty and happy vein. To read "Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing," is the next best thing to being by the riverside, rod in hand. An enthusiastic and skilled angler, Major Dickie brought a salmon to gaff when fourteen, and since those days his lines have been cast in many waters other than Dee and Don, two of his favourite rivers—the far-away mahseer in India have bent his rod, as well as the salmon and trout over the Border, and pike and perch in Staffordshire.

Taking into consideration his long experiences in the haunts of the salmon, Major Dickie's views on the time-honoured question as to whether salmon do or do not feed in fresh water are of considerable importance. Like many other thoughtful and observant anglers, his verdict is against the idea held by numerous fellow-anglers that these fish go foodless whilst in the upper or angling reaches of our rivers.

"Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing," is a good book by a good angler, and another angler of the first water contributes an introduction to it—Mr. R. B. Marston, Editor of the *Fishing Gazette*.

The book contains interesting photographs, and a coloured plate of killing lures for trout and salmon.

THE "PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY."

PRINT COLLECTING is one of those hobbies which, like all intelligent recreation as well as outdoor sport, form an international bond of union. An excellent medium for those interested in the subject is the *Print Collector's Quarterly*, a dainty little magazine, charmingly and abundantly illustrated, which before the war ran for ten years in America, and won favour in twenty-three countries. Suspended "for the duration," it has now been revived under English auspices, edited by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., and published by Messrs. J. M. Dent. The American editor, Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, contributes an *ave atque vale* introduction to the new issue (Vol. VIII., No. 1) for April 1921. This transference of an art magazine from American to English management is claimed to be unique. Its continued success is assured by the growing interest in prints and print-collecting. One of the most interesting

items in the present number is devoted to Forain, the great French etcher, of whose work Mr. Campbell Dodgson writes an illuminating appreciation, claiming him as "one of the great etchers of the world." The number also includes illustrated articles by A. M. Hind on the etchings of G. B. Tiepolo, by A. P. Oppé on Alex. Cozens, and by Malcolm C. Salaman on the etchings of E. S. Lumsden, R.E.

Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore), F O McKearns (Handsworth), J B Camara (Madeira), H Hayes (Staunton), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), and E M Vicars (Norfolk).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3857 received from W H Statham (Charlton), Léon Ryki (Belfast), C H Watson (Masham), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), James M K Lupton (Richmond), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H W Satow (Bangor), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Jas. T Palmer (Church), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Herbert Russell (Leicester), and R J Lonsdale (New Brighton).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Philadelphia Masters' Tourney at the Franklin Chess Club, Philadelphia, between Messrs. JACKSON and WINKELMAN (*King's Gambit Declined*.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th B to B 4th

The old-fashioned way of declining the Gambit. Falkbeer's Counter Gambit by P to Q 4th is a much better defence.

3. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 3rd
4. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
5. B to B 4th Kt to K B 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd B to K Kt 5th
7. P to K R 3rd B takes Kt
8. Q takes B Kt to Q 5th
9. Q to Kt 3rd

The game is identical so far with that opened as a Vienna Gambit between Tchigorin and Pillsbury in the Hastings Tournament.

9. Q to K 2nd
Pillsbury now played Kt takes P (ch) and ultimately lost. In almost the same position Anderssen, against Blackburne, played the text move, but without success. It raises the question whether Black's 8th move is a wise one.

10. K to Q sq Castles (Q R)
11. P takes K P P takes P
12. B to Kt 5th P to Q B 3rd
13. R to K B sq R to Q 3rd
14. P to Q R 3rd P to K R 3rd
15. B to Q 2nd P to Kt 3rd
16. P to Q Kt 4th B to Kt 3rd
17. P to Q R 4th R to K 2nd
18. P to R 5th B to Q sq
19. Kt to Q R 4th Kt to Q Kt 4th
20. P to Q B 3rd Kt to Q Kt 4th
21. B to K 3rd P to Q R 3rd
22. K to B 2nd R to B 3rd
23. R takes R Q takes R
24. Kt to B 5th Q to R 5th

30. P takes B P P to K 5th
31. P takes K P Q takes P (ch)
32. Q takes Q Kt takes Q
33. B to Q B 4th

The decisive stroke which White seems to have had in view in sacrificing his Kt.

33. K to Kt 2nd
34. P takes P Kt (B sq) takes P
35. B to Q 3rd R to K 2nd
36. B takes K R P Kt to Q 3rd
37. B to K Kt 5th

If B takes Kt, Black wins back the piece with 37. R to K 3rd.

37. R to Q 2nd
38. B takes Kt Kt to K 4th
39. B to Kt 6th Kt takes B
40. K takes Kt Kt to B 4th (ch)
41. B to Q 4th Kt takes Kt P
42. R to B 3rd Kt to R 4th

With his Kt thus hemmed in, Black's game is now hopeless, and resignation might as well come now as 19 moves later.

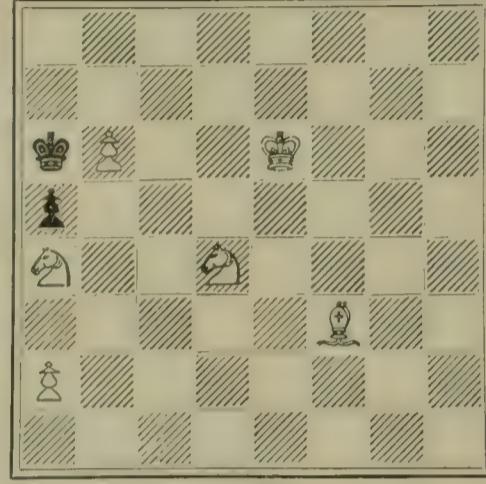
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

JOHN DONEY (Winnipeg).—Your letter with enclosure was at once forwarded to the proper quarter, and the particulars you mention will be attended to in due course. If you will send us a problem for publication we shall be very pleased to examine it.

P N BANERJI (Calcutta) and A M SPARKE (Lincoln).—Problems received with thanks.

PROBLEM NO. 3858.—BY THE LATE J. B. FISHER.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3856.—BY H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE	BLACK
1. P to Kt 6th	K takes Kt
2. P to Kt 7th	P to B 4th
3. P to Kt 8th (Kt) mate.	

If Black play 1. P to B 4th, then 2. Q to Kt 5th, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3854 received from John Doney (Winnipeg) and P N Banerji (Calcutta); of No. 3855 from J B Camara (Madeira), G Dorado (Barcelona), Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.) and Fred G Dixon (Regina, Canada); of No. 3856 from Aurieny (Guernsey), P W Hunt (Bridgewater), James M K Lupton (Richmond), H W Satow (Bangor), Acisclo Karag (San Sebastian),

On behalf of the British League of Help for the devastated areas in France, the company of the Comédie Française are coming to London to play at a matinée at the Oxford Theatre on May 31, by special authorisation of the French Government. The King and Queen have given their patronage. The matinée is being organised by Lady Tree, and other leading people in the theatrical world are helping to make it a great success. It will enable London at once to enjoy an unusual opportunity and to do something to assist a cause which everyone here has deeply at heart.



High Praise from "The Tatler"

IN our last advertisement we were privileged to quote an extract from an appreciation of Corelli which appeared in a recent issue of the "Bystander."

To-day we are proud to present still further editorial testimony.

In its issue of March 9th "The Tatler" recorded its opinion of Corelli in the following words: "The Italian Vermouth bottled by Fratelli

Corelli is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, and most wholesome of its kind."

There is little need for us to supplement this unqualified praise; but we would add that if you experience the slightest difficulty in obtaining regular and adequate supplies we should be happy, on hearing from you, to send the name and address of our nearest agent.

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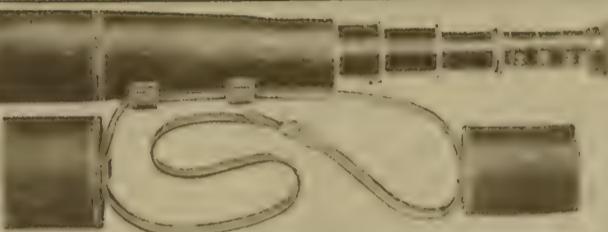


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LADIES' NEWS.

HERE was quite a spurt in Private Views lately. I cannot write of that at Burlington House, as it came too late in the week, being on Saturday instead of Friday, and there was no banquet, because of the coal crisis. Things, so far as the Royal Academy is concerned, were almost back to war-time conditions. Princess Beatrice, with Miss Minnie Cochrane in attendance, went to the Grafton Galleries private view, and stayed there for quite an hour. Her Royal Highness wore a dark-grey soft satin dress, and a long black cape-coat with a black, rather large hat of chiffon velvet with white under the brim. This Princess has a wonderfully handsome head and a specially fine profile, inherited by her daughter the Queen of Spain. The portrait of her eldest son, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, was probably familiar to her Royal Highness in Mr. R. G. Eve's studio, for she was more interested in other pictures. The new President of the International Society of Painters, Gravers, and Sculptors, Sir William Orpen, R.A., has several portraits hung. None was found so interesting as that of Colonel Lawrence, the soldier administrator evolved by the war out of the archaeological student. Katharine Duchess of Westminster was also enjoying the pictures; so was the Marchioness of Sligo, with whom was Lady Edward Gleichen, married to the only son of the late Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, who was herself Lady Laura Seymour. Lady Edward Gleichen, as the Hon. Sylvia Gay Edwardes, was Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, and is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Edwardes, who, despite much suffering and an invalid state, makes her house a centre of real hospitality and great interest. Mr. Ivor Ferguson was, as usual, with his mother, Sophia, Lady Paston-Cooper, to whom he explains every picture, as she is, unhappily, blind. Quite a number of well-known people were present. Pictures begin once again to take their old place in social regard, as when private viewing at the Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and other art galleries called together large assemblages of most interesting people.

Our next excitement will be the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan, who is due to arrive next week, and to whom every honour is to be shown. For three days his Imperial Highness will be the guest of the King at Buckingham Palace, where a State Banquet is arranged. Prince Hirohito had his twentieth birthday on April 29, but will not come of age until he is twenty-five, according to Japanese custom. His father, the Emperor, has the Order of the Garter, with the insignia of which he was personally invested by



A RESTAURANT GOWN.

Navy-blue has a charm and "chic" all its own. This dress is made of soft satin of this shade, with the skirt veiled with grey net embroidered in silver and black.

Photograph by Talmi.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who journeyed to Tokio for the purpose. He will be sixty-nine in

November. He married in Tokio in May 1900 Princess Sadako, daughter of Prince Kujo-Michitaka. When Prince and Princess Fushimi were over here they were much lionised. They belong to a collateral branch of the Imperial family.

Tennis will be as much played this season as it was last, and interest in this fascinating game is greater than ever. Girl and women players are more keen about dress for it than that for the biggest balls. Lace-fine Shetland wool dresses, in delicate stripes and scallops of colour on white ground, were worn last season at such exclusive functions as Ascot and the Royal Garden-party. This season they will be worn in tennis courts by fortunate feminine players who can afford them, for they are expensive. So fine are they that only those who have experience of what the Shetland knitters and yarn spinners can do believe them made by human fingers. I have seen in Thurso shawls of this wonderfully fine wool and still finer knitting priced up to £40 each. They were, of course, specimens, as the finest of these Shetland dresses are, and Americans purchased them most freely. I am told that machine-made fine work approaches very nearly to hand, but there are many material differences.

We are a much more united nation than we were before the war. One result is that we are appreciative of our own things. Malvern Waters is one of these. The famous springs of Malvern have always been known by the *cognoscenti* as of marvellous purity and of very beneficial medicinal value, while delicious to the palate. Now the public in general adopt "Malvern" as their pet table-water. W. and J. Burrow, Ltd., are the sole lessees of these famous springs, and bottle and supply the waters in the most convenient and hygienic way. Malvern is slightly aerated; the Alpha brand gives the water in its natural still state. For gout or rheumatism, Malvern is the water to drink, for it is lightly mineralised, and bears also the splendid properties of the springs, which provide a British drink fit for good Britons.

A. E. L.

On behalf of the British Spa Federation, which comprises the Spas of Bath, Buxton, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Harrogate, Llandrindod Wells, Leamington, Woodhall, and New Zealand, Mr. F. J. C. Broome, the Hon. Secretary, writes to contradict most emphatically a widespread impression that the Spas are closing down on account of lack of fuel. "This is far from being the case," he says, "and none of us has the slightest fear of being placed in this disastrous position, as our fuel-supply arrangements are such as to enable us to carry on for some time to come."

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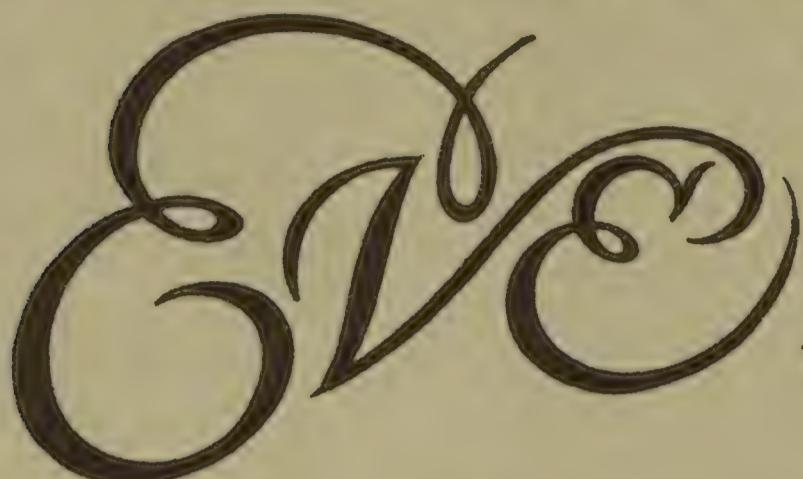
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A MATTER OF FACT," AT THE COMEDY.
THE heroine of Mr. Ernest Cecil's play, "A Matter of Fact," is one of those women who cannot forgive their failings in others. Asked by her husband to call on a divorced neighbour, Mrs. Hethcote, the happily married Lady Marlow flatly refuses, though, as we soon find out through the visit of a blackmailer, she has a black spot in her own past. Thereby she brings on herself a lot of needless suffering, Mrs. Hethcote having it in her power to relieve the self-righteous lady of all anxiety about the indiscretion of her youth. Our old friend coincidence here bobs up afresh, and with it a prolonged series of emotional scenes which cannot help having an artificial ring. Three times Lady Marlow makes confession of her early fault, her worst ordeal being her confession to her husband, who knows all the facts in advance; but her woes are not genuinely pathetic, because they are machine-made, and, moreover, become tedious through reiteration. Even Miss Eva Moore's art, so beautifully sincere when it can deal with sincerity, is handicapped in such sham-lachrymose situations; and Mr. Norman McKinnel, by playing the part of the husband in a subdued key, emphasises unconsciously the artificiality of the scheme.

"COUNT X." AT THE GARRICK.

There is an agreeable combination of the apparatus of the mock-supernatural and the melodrama of detected robbery in Mr. H. A. Vachell's new Garrick piece, "Count X." Its inventor-hero may be sickened by the atmosphere of the séance which in his absence his silly wife has introduced into his home; but for the audience the mysterious voices, the green eyes that shine out of the darkness, the cigarettes that burn without the application of a match, and all the patter about auras and psycho-analysis, make good enough fun for a starting point of the duel that is obviously preparing between the charlatan responsible for the properties and the returned scientist. But, as it soon appears, we are offered here something more than a struggle for influence over the wife between husband and intruder: this Count X, with his purple evening clothes, is a thief as well as a humbug, and his eye is after the formula of a new invention locked up in the grand piano. On the whole, then, there is a fair amount of excitement in this story, of which a capital company takes full advantage. If Mr. Leon M. Lion is inclined to over-act his part of the charlatan, he is amusing even in his moments of burlesque; while as husband of the "Still Waters Run Deep" type, Mr. Herbert Marshall exhibits excellent judgment; and the support given by Miss Moyna Macgill, Miss Marie

Illington, and an attractive newcomer, Miss Laura Wallis Mills, is of the kind that is wanted.

"MARY." AT THE QUEEN'S.

The feature of "Mary," the new musical comedy which has come to us from America, is its riot of dancing, dancing which goes from climax to climax. Ordinarily we are content this side of the Atlantic if "star" or "stars" dance to the music they have previously sung; but this is not enough for "Mary," nor even an ensemble in which the chorus takes up the refrain. Here groups of dancers one after the other pick up the air and whirl to its strains with more and more of a hurricane agility, until the audience is forced into storms of enthusiasm. There are other things—the mere wisp of a plot, some delightful singing on the part of Miss Evelyn Laye, clever comedy acting from Miss Maidie Hope, Miss Mabel Sealby, and Mr. Ralph Lynn, and good vocalisation (especially in the sentimental duets) from Mr. Alec Regan; but the dancing eclipses all else—whether solo dancing as supplied by Mr. Bernard Granville, or the whirlwind kind contributed by the rival organisations of the Magleys, the McLeans, and the Lorner Sisters. We have had nothing like this last in London heretofore in its mechanical precision, its deliberate breathlessness, and it is pretty sure to take the town.

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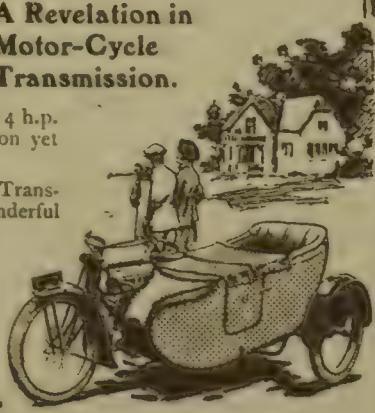
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EMBODIED in the new All-Chain Drive 4 h.p.
Triumph is the most perfect transmission yet devised. No jar, jerk or slip.

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Send a post card to-day for a copy of "Aids to the Boudoir." It will be mailed to you entirely free of charge.

SUIT, 50/-; OVERCOAT, 42/-; LADY'S COSTUME, 65/-;
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Self-propelling Chairs and Hand-Tricycles for in or out-door use. Of distinctive construction and unexampled durability.

These Chairs are illustrated, with prices, in Sectional Catalogue No. 4.

If further interested, please ask for *Modern Comfort Furniture*, the standard work of reference for all Invalids and Comfort Lovers (600 illustrations).

**EVERYTHING FOR THE
DISABLED OR INVALID.**

2, 4 & 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W.1.



An illustration of a woman in a striped dress and apron, wearing a bonnet, standing and polishing a piece of furniture with a cloth. The furniture has a decorative top and a lower cabinet with drawers. To the right, the text 'Stephenson's Furniture Cream' is written in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below this, a tagline in cursive script reads 'Lightens your labour, Brightens your Home.'

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

London to Edinburgh.

Each year the Whitsuntide run of the Motor Cycling Club from London to Edinburgh receives a

larger, and moreover a wider, number of entries for the 24-hours' reliability trial. This will be its fourteenth anniversary, and though originally only motor cycles were the competing machines, this year the full-sized cars range from Rolls-Royces down to air-cooled Rovers, besides 117 solo motor-cyclists, 90 side-cars, 22 three-wheeled cycle-cars, and 110 motor cars of all sorts and sizes, as aforesaid. Consequently, Mr. George Reynolds, the starter and timekeeper, who

will despatch this crowd from the Old Gatehouse, Highgate, on the evening of May 13, will be busy from 7 p.m. until 9.50 p.m. giving the word "go" every half-a-minute for nearly three hours. Biggleswade is the first check, at the Swann Inn; Grantham, the second halt, where breakfast will be taken at the George Hotel, at half an hour after midnight, for the first arrival; so it is not to be wondered at that another halt will be made at Ilkley, at the Middleton Hotel, at 6.27 a.m., for a second breakfast, an hour's interval being allowed for this, besides the three-

quarters of an hour taken at Grantham. After Ilkley comes the new part of the course for this run, which includes Buckden, Aysgarth, Bainbridge—over the mountain road that is known as Buttertubs, down to Kirkby Stephen, to Appleby, Penrith, and Carlisle, where the luncheon halt is made at the County Hotel, as usual. The first competitor is due here soon after half-past twelve (mid-day). Tea will be taken at the Annandale Arms at Moffat, about four o'clock, and the first official car is due at Edin-

burgh, at the Waverley Market House, off Princes Street, at 7 p.m., after 24 hours on the road. As Mr. W. H. Wells, the captain of the club, leads the van on his 30-h.p. Chandler, accompanied by Mr. Bidlake, the official timekeeper, the schedule will be strictly adhered to in his case; but it will be curious to see if the ascent of Buttertubs reduces the number of winners of gold medals given in the competition



TO MARRY HIS CO-DIRECTOR AND FORMER TYPIST, MISS E. M. SAYER: MR. A. J. WILSON. Mr. Wilson is head of the well-known advertising firm of A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd. He was a pioneer of cycling and motoring, and founded the Motor and Cycle Trade Benevolent Fund. During the war he organised the Hospital Motor Squadron, which did excellent work.



FARTHEST SOUTH IN ENGLAND: A CROSSLEY 25-30 H.P. R.F.C. TOURING MODEL AT THE LIZARD LIGHTHOUSE.

to those whose schedule time is correct at all the checked controls for the 402½ miles travelled.

Coke for Engine Fuel.

During the years that have elapsed between 1915 and the present day, producer gas, as a substitute for petrol, has off and on been mooted. In fact, one or two inventors have put on to paper small portable gas plants suggesting that the motorist should make the fuel for his motor engine while he goes along the highway. Among these suggestions a practical application has evolved, known as the

Parker Producer Gas Plant, on the Bamber system, of which a demonstration was given recently in FitzJohn's Avenue and Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, where an A.E.C. lorry owned by the Great Western Railway Company, and another lorry owned by the Parker Company, both equipped with a Parker's Producer Gas Plant, successfully demonstrated that the vehicles could run on producer gas made on the vehicle from coke. And an economical business it is, too, for the consumption of this fuel worked out at the price of petrol at 7½d. per gallon, giving 75 per cent. of the full power of the engine. As it is but seldom that any motor lorry engine is ever asked to give out its full power, beyond a slight slowing up on steep hills, there was practically little difference in the running of the vehicles under load.

More Petrol for Cars.

Simple and compact as this Parker Producer Gas Plant is, there is no suggestion that owners of private motor carriages will have it fitted on their cars. But if the majority of commercial motor vehicles, tractors, and the like adopted this home-made fuel gas for their consumption it would leave much more petrol for the private car-owners, and so would help to reduce the price of their fuel, too. In

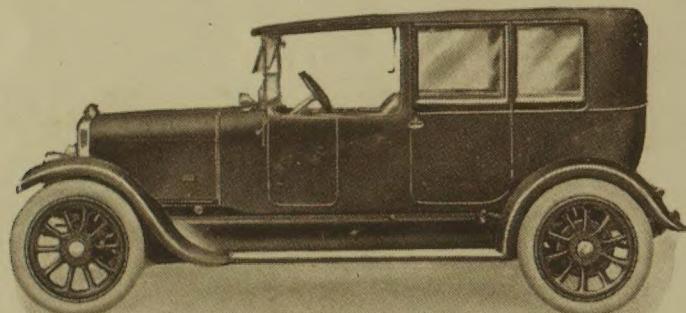
fact, as the commercial motors use about two-thirds of the whole of the petrol consumed in this country, if they no longer were customers to the petrol-distributing firms, the latter would have to induce car-owners to burn more spirit to keep up their sales. That inducement can be only provided by selling the fuel cheaper—say, down to 1s. 6d. per gallon, instead of nearly 3s. 6d., as it is to-day. Producer gas, made by passing steam and water over incandescent coke or charcoal, then washed in water and scrubbed

(Continued overleaf)



A ROMANCE OF THE CITY: MISS E. M. SAYER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO HER CHIEF, MR. A. J. WILSON.

Miss E. M. Sayer began her career as typist to Mr. Wilson, and helped him to build up a great business, of which she is now a Director. She is also a Freeman of the City, and a Councillor for the Borough of Holborn.



The 25 h.p. Talbot is one of the most successful models ever introduced by the Company. For reliability, durability and efficiency combined with low upkeep cost (the petrol consumption under touring conditions averages 18/21 miles to the gallon) this car is unbeatable. Hereunder we give prices of the three models for the 1921 season.

The CLEMENT-TALBOT Co., Ltd., have pleasure in announcing a price reduction in all three models; the 25 h.p., the 36 h.p. 6-cyl. and the 15 h.p. This reduction has been made possible by the intelligent and intensive co-operation between the various Companies associated with the Clement-Talbot Company, added to a considerable drop in the cost of labour in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the Combined Companies at Suresnes; this, in addition to the heavy fall in the price of raw material, has reduced production costs enough to warrant the new prices.

CURRENT PRICES:

15 h.p. Chassis	£795
25 h.p.	£850
36 h.p. 6-cyl.	£950

Catalogues and all details will be posted on application, and trial runs arranged by appointment.

INVINCIBLE
TALBOT

"The first car in the world to cover 100 miles within the hour."

CLEMENT-TALBOT, LIMITED,
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JAS43 - 7/8-18 - For high powered motor cars, trucks and motor boats.

There is a type of Champion Dependable Spark Plug for every use—for motor-cars, lorries, tractors, farm engines, motor-cycles, motor-boats, aeroplanes, and all other internal combustion engines.

The Aviator—
Places His Confidence in Champion Dependable Spark Plugs—

Because—Champion Dependable has insulator 3450—the insulator that has three times the resistance to extreme temperature variation compared with the best porcelain.

Because—3450 offers half again as much resistance to current when heated. Champion Dependable is proof against short circuit.

Because—the composition of 3450 offers two and one-half times as much resistance to shock and vibration as porcelain.

Because—the patented gasket construction of Champion Dependable Spark Plugs effectively protects the insulator from the shocks caused by explosions within the cylinders. Champions never crack or crumble.

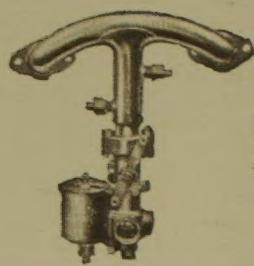
And that's why more than half the world's spark plugs are Champion Dependable Spark Plugs.

If you demand the same dependability that the aviator gets, you will insist upon Champions from the dealer and be sure that the name is on the insulator as well as on the container.

Champion Spark Plug Co., of Canada, Ltd.,
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Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs



A gallon goes the longest way

because the Zenith Carburettor gets the maximum in miles, power and speed from every drop of petrol. "Zenith," the world's foremost carburettor, also prolongs engine life, assures easy starting, rapid acceleration, and increased saving all round.

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CARBURETTERS

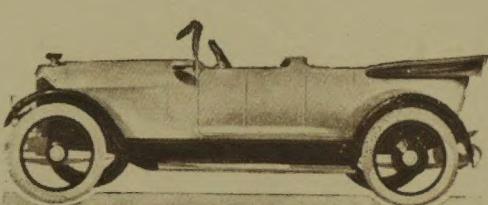
ARE NOW SUPPLIED WITH SPECIAL ATTACHMENTS FOR INDIVIDUAL CARS.

YOU CAN HAVE ONE ON A MONTH'S TRIAL.

Write for Booklet and particulars.

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40-42, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1

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Crossley

25/30 h.p. R.F.C.
Model

Great Reduction in Prices!

CROSSLEY MOTORS LIMITED beg to announce the following reductions in the prices of the Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model. The new prices given below are effective from April 7th, 1921.

CROSSLEY 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. MODEL

Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model	£800
(including electric starter and lighting set)	
(a reduction of £250)	
Five-seater "Manchester" Touring Car	£1050
(a reduction of £325)	
Four-seater "London" Coupé	£1325
(a reduction of £300)	
Seven-seater "Chester" Limousine Landaulette	£1350
(a reduction of £300)	
Seven-seater "Buxton" Saloon	£1425
(a reduction of £300)	

At the above reduced prices the Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model represents the finest value for money proposition obtainable to-day. Place your order now and obtain the benefit of these reductions. Write at once for name and address of nearest Agent.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LIMITED : MANCHESTER
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Reduced Prices

Ruston-Hornsby



The Car of Quality & Value

Trade Conditions make Reductions possible

The charges for certain raw materials and accessories have been reduced during the last few weeks, and although the manufacturers of Ruston-Hornsby cars are not yet reaping the full benefit of these lower costs, they have decided to give immediately to customers the advantage of the fall.

THE REDUCED PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

16-20 h.p. £585
20-25 h.p. £650

The price guarantee is unconditionally withdrawn.

The present high standard of manufacture is maintained, and both models carry the same complete equipment. For cars of their power, quality and seating capacity the Ruston-Hornsby is remarkable value.

PROMPT DELIVERY.

For further particulars write to Sole Concessionnaires:

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Chassis price £550.
Complete with :—
C.A.V. Lighting & Starting;
Five lamps;
Clock;
Speedometer;
4-Speed Gearbox;
Cantilever Suspension;
5 Wheels and Tyres.

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"

"Daily Dispatch" Nov. 4, 1920.

"After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'value for money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia motor show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16-h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'value for money'...."

W. H. Berry

The same writer states, in the "Evening Standard" Mar. 4, 1921.

"After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

THIS IS THE NEW PRICE
OF THE
16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ

DECREASED production costs, owing to intelligent co-operation between the various firms associated with the Darracq Company; the reduction in labour costs in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; a heavy reduction in the cost of raw material, and the whole 1921 output of the 16 h.p. model contracted for by agents, added to which the sales in France have been much heavier than anticipated. All these facts have resulted in a further large series of this model being placed in production, a drop of £100 in price, and the further upholding of the Darracq Company's "Value-for-Money" policy, which gives its customers the IMMEDIATE benefit of the improved industrial outlook.

Catalogues and all details from our Head Office, and trial runs arranged.

TALBOT DARRACQ

TOWNMEAD RD., FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.6
Showrooms: 150, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Continued) through pebbles to purify it from all its unnecessary constituents, is made in a producer that, in the Parker or Bamber system, can be easily adopted by any lorry, as it can be clipped upon the dashboard, and yet not be outside the body line of the vehicle. The cost of fitting and supplying the plant is about £180, and the reward for the expenditure is independence during strikes—as coke seems always plentiful—and freedom from high costs for running expenses as regards fuel.

Banns and Bonds. That old-timer, Mr. A. J. Wilson, has announced his impending marriage with Miss Councillor Sayer, his co-director and partner in so many enterprises concerning motors and their accessories. Both are pioneers in their respective fields of business, and congratulations are rightly being showered upon them, to which I should like to add "A life-long happiness to them both in their closer partnership." In the same post that conveyed to me the news of these banns of marriage came a protest, from those responsible for the second-hand motor show at the Crystal Palace, that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders had reminded some of the exhibitors there of the bonds they had entered into concerning only exhibiting their motor wares at exhibitions authorised by the Society. Is

not business hard enough to get without worrying people about bonds and price maintenance, and goodness knows what else, when receivers and liquidators are in evidence galore, even in the big firms,

trade ought to be jettisoned for the time being, until the overstocked market of cars, tyres, and accessories has been reduced to a normal level. And, even then, firms outside the bond-signers—like Ford, for instance—seem to do quite happily without the bond, though they are barred from Olympia at Motor Show time, as that, apparently, is the only value given to the bond-signer: a chance to exhibit there, and in Scotland. W. W.



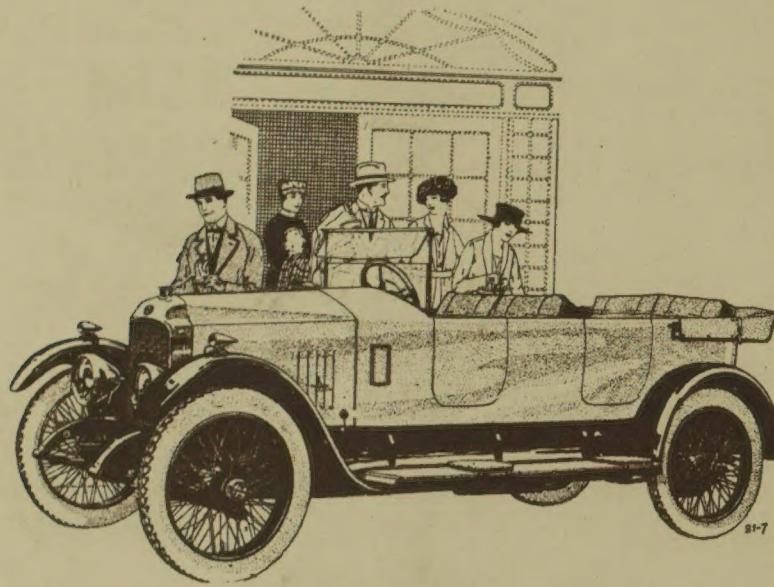
MOTORING PAST ENGLAND'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN: A "VAUXHALL FIFTEEN" BY THE SHORES OF WAST WATER, NEAR SCAFELL AND GREAT GABLE. In the right background is Scafell (3210 ft.), the highest mountain in England. To the left, in the distance, is Great Gable, a favourite haunt of rock-climbers.

because of the turnover not being quick enough? Rules that are closely approaching restriction of

Chess enthusiasts will have noted that the match between Messrs. Capablanca and Lasker came to an abrupt termination. After suffering his fourth defeat without any compensating success, Lasker resigned, pleading as his excuse the prejudicial effects of the climate of Havana on his play.

Pleasure cruises to the Baltic have been inaugurated by the United Baltic Corporation, consisting of a series of holiday trips to the more important Baltic ports. The cruises are of about fifteen days' duration, and include the Kiel Canal, Danzig, Libau, and Reval, at which ports time is given to visit places of interest. Passengers may sleep and dine on board while in harbour, and thus avoid hotel expenses on shore. Further particulars may be obtained of

the United Baltic Corporation, Ltd., 158, Fenchurch Street, London, or of the usual passenger agents.



There is no car to beat this 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington for finish and style

£1100

Three years' chassis guarantee

The most attractive best-class car proposition

THE value now offered in Vauxhall cars is recognised everywhere as placing the Vauxhall far ahead for price-advantage

AT the reduced prices the Vauxhall, as a best-class car economical in upkeep and with a performance-capacity that satisfies the most critical, is a bargain proposition; and as the sales show, very many car users have quickly grasped this fact

Quality, guarantee and free inspection service continue as heretofore.

25 h.p. chassis, fully equipped	£800
30-98 h.p. chassis, fully equipped	£1000
25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington car complete	£1100
30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox car complete	£1300

Order your Vauxhall now

Ask for catalogue I.R., in which full particulars are given of the two types of chassis and of open and closed cars.

VAUXHALL STANDARDISED OVERHAULS FOR D TYPE CARS

Cost £285

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Field's Fleur-de-Lys

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TOILET PREPARATIONS

The series with the black and gold diamonds.

Brilliantine (solid) 1/3

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Vanishing Cream 1/3

Toilet Cream 10d.

Face Powder 1/9

Bath Crystals 2/-

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Daftly perfumed with Attar of Roses.

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
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